

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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A Surrender Not a Settlement.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON, or somebody in his interest, is perpetually telegraphing through the cable what wonderful things that wonderful man has done, or is just about doing. One of the latest messages is what purports to be an extract from a recent after-dinner speech of Mr. Johnson's, at the Guildhall, in London, on

the 9th of November, in which he says: "The questions at issue between my Government and that of Her Majesty are now settled, without touching the honor of either nation."

The *London Times* professes to give us the terms of this settlement, which, if true, involves practically the surrender, on Mr. Johnson's part, of the whole question at issue between the United States and Great Britain.

It is always easy to settle a dispute by one side or the other giving up unconditionally, which seems to be about Mr. Johnson's way of doing things. According to the *Times*, "America has withdrawn the question of the recognition of the Southern States during the war," the responsibility in the matter of the Alabama claims is referred to the King of Prussia for arbitration, and in case he decides that a

responsibility attaches to Great Britain, then two commissioners on either side shall investigate and assess damages, etc. In doing this, however, they must consider offsets that may be put forward by Great Britain in the shape of claims of British subjects for injuries and damages arising out of the war. In speculating on this alleged settlement, or surrender, the *London Saturday Review* takes it for granted



FERRY MISMANAGEMENT—FATAL AND TERRIBLE COLLISION BETWEEN THE BOATS "HAMILTON" AND "UNION," AT FULTON FERRY, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 163.

that if the United States gets the money she claims, minus the offsets which Great Britain intends to claim, she will be content to surrender her chances of revenge for all acts of British hostility. It says:

"Both sides, we suppose, will agree to admit to some extent the claims of the other, and therefore both sides will have something to pay. The balance may possibly be against England. We may have to pay the money, but then we shall have one great source of satisfaction to comfort us. The Americans will be only settling those ordinary claims for reparation which arise so easily and naturally out of every war where the interests and commerce of a neutral are largely mixed up with those of a belligerent. But we shall be establishing a principle at once new and greatly to our advantage. We shall be binding over all neutrals not to inflict on us the injury to which a great maritime power is most exposed in time of war. We shall be insuring ourselves against depredations on our mercantile marine at the hands of neutrals, or by their connivance; and this is a source of security and advantage to us which we shall be sure to be purchasing very cheaply, whatever may be the exact amount of pecuniary satisfaction to the Americans which Lord Stanley may undertake we shall render."

Having, by ignoring a sound principle, half destroyed the commerce of a commercial rival, in the belief that that rival could never recover from internal assaults and external aggressions, Great Britain is now content to pay something for the establishment of this same principle, thereby preventing her own example and doings from reacting on herself, and becoming a precedent for other nations in case she should herself get into trouble. "When the devil was sick, the devil a priest would be," etc. It would certainly be a great thing for England now to establish, irrevocably, a principle that will prevent other nations from doing unto her what she has always been doing unto them—now that other nations, owing to maritime invention, can repay the ills she has caused them. For our part, we want no settlement of the Alabama claims. They stand just in the right position. After England has become involved in a war, and after we have performed the duties of neutrality after her example, for four or five years, we shall be prepared to accept a principle, which, just now, would be only equivalent to a bar in action against her crimes. We can afford to bide our time, and ultimately, by one year of active neutrality, à l'Anglaise, put our marine relatively where it would have been, had it not been for the depredations of the Alabama and other Anglo-rebel cruisers. Our true policy is to pay individual sufferers by these pirates out of the national treasury, and salt down the account against the British nation. Their claims are trifling compared with the general injury to the country caused by British interference, and which cannot be computed by dollars.

A new weekly French paper, to be liberal in politics, we believe, is soon to be started in this city. Among other things, it proposes to have articles on the art of living cheaply and well, and to describe each week "two simple dishes appropriate to the season, easily prepared, and calculated to afford a varied nutriment." This feature was first started by De Girardin's paper in Paris, *La Liberté*, in which the menu for each day was prepared by the celebrated Baron Brisse. Very many private families simply directed their cooks to prepare every day the dinner according to the bill of fare published in that day's *Liberté*; and for a long time the Café du Grand Opera served dinner daily according to the same menu at a fixed price. Private families could thus always be sure, without trouble, of a thoroughly good, wholesome dinner, at a reasonable cost. Something of the same kind would be useful and welcome here.

In view of the constant errors in history and science, and the blunders in art with which the press teems, and which abound in sermons, lectures, and the speeches of public men, it is proposed, in London, to publish a daily or weekly paper to be called the *Chronicle of Current Error*. A number of men, masters severally of all kinds of subjects, are to combine, and each to report, daily or weekly, the blindest blunders, the most remarkable specimens of nonsense, which had been, since the last number, given to the world in his own special province. It is believed that such a publication would make men more careful what they write and say, and thus save the public from an immense mass of error.

"SISTER PATROCINIO," or the "bleeding nun," one of the familiars of the late Queen of Spain, has received an intimation from the new authorities to practice her impostures in some other country, and is said to have gone to Rome, which seems to be the receptacle for the "gilded drift-wood of kings" and "played-out" humbugs of all sorts. This "Sister Patrocinio," some years ago, pretended to have received "the stigmata" in prayer; that is, to have been marked in the hands, feet, and side, after the likeness of the wounds of Christ.

The Provisional Government of Spain has suppressed the convents and monasteries. It found out that though the number of convents in the country had been reduced by one-half in 1837, the last official census, of 1860, showed the existence of 866 convents, with 12,990 nuns, drawing an annual pension amounting to the sum of 8,990,000 reals. To these convents also belonged 2,174 male officials, chaplains, sacristans, organists, and singers, who divided among them a further sum of 3,921,086 reals. Since 1860 no official census has been taken.

TRAVELERS in Russia will understand the following description of its scenery by a recent writer: "Multiply a billiard table by ten millions, and subtract the cushions."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Preliminary Notice.

When the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a new journal, to be entitled,

"THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

More extended notices of the design of our new journal will be given in future advertisements.

Two-Thirds.

We are glad that after this session of Congress there will be no longer a necessity for a two-thirds Republican majority in either branch. In the House of Representatives the opposition will have a relatively largely increased vote, and will be sufficiently formidable in numbers to constitute a real opposition, instead of being, as hitherto, a contemptible faction. We hope it will rise to the dignity of its new position; that it will be vigilant, active, and, if need be, aggressive. We hope it will watch jealously every act of legislation, and expose fearlessly every tendency to favoritism or fraud. But let this be done decently, and not through resort to that system of extra-parliamentary tactics, known as "talking against time" or "filibusterism." These never accomplish good for those who practice them; they irritate the majority and excite it to be overbearing, and they annoy and disgust the public, besides uselessly wasting time and retarding necessary business. We hope, too, when the minority finds occasion to oppose a measure, it will put forward one or two, or, if the occasion requires, more of its best debaters, and not permit their arguments to be suffocated and their effect weakened by ad captandum assertions, diatribes, and buncombe speeches from the Toms, Dicks and Harrys of the party. A decent regard for public opinion is as necessary in

Congressmen as among other members of society.

Among the men returned from this city to the House of Representatives, there are two of culture and legislative experience, Messrs. Brooks and Cox, and we hope to find the opposition deferring to their opinions concerning the questions affecting this great metropolis, and our foreign relations generally. It is no disparagement to the other members of the opposition in Congress to say that they cannot possibly be well acquainted with the great interests concentrated here, and which require much careful attention—such as the gentlemen named are bound to give, and will cheerfully render. Their ability to do good, however, will depend greatly on the good relationship they may establish with the majority, and the confidence they may secure in Congress. We trust they will not be expected to be ultra-partisans, as we are sure they are not inclined to be.

Inasmuch as these gentlemen will not probably take their seats for a year, these remarks may seem premature, but we throw them out now in view of the fact—which brings us back to our starting-point—that in the next House of Representatives there will not be a two-thirds majority on one side or the other, and that then the wholesome influence of an organized and intelligent opposition may be felt. It is probably fortunate for the country, with Andrew Johnson, President, that a two-thirds majority has existed in both branches of Congress. That extraordinary repository of the veto power, of which he has made greater use than all his predecessors combined, was utterly unamenable to the popular will and public interests, and bad as is the condition of the country, it would have been infinitely worse if the two-thirds power had not existed to checkmate and overrule him. It is not probable that we shall ever "look upon his like again," and unless we do, the necessity for the exercise of the two-thirds power will never again arise.

Theatres and other Dangerous Buildings.

The world has scarcely done justice to the talents and virtues of Mr. Macgregor, our city Superintendent of Buildings. He is a remarkable man—in fact, one of our most remarkable men. The great charm of his official life is the candor and frankness of all he does. There is a refreshing novelty in his mode of business which ought to endear him to a large circle of friends. We are quite sure that so much amiability must be shocked when required to perform any harsh or severe duty, and we pity the man whose gentleness of heart will not permit him to hurt even a theatrical manager. Mr. Macgregor has discovered how to reconcile his duty with his inclinations. He must inspect the theatres. He cannot give pain to his friends. So, to harmonize matters, he announces in the newspapers that he is coming. There is something almost heroic in the simplicity of such a plan. The Superintendent deserves, in virtue of its discovery, to be elevated to some higher sphere of action, and if Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Rollins cannot agree on any other appointment for the Internal Revenue Service, we would venture to bring to their notice the peculiar fitness of Mr. Macgregor.

It appears that there is a statute which inflicts a penalty of fifty dollars for every case of obstructing the aisles and passage-ways of theatres by placing in them campstools, chairs, sofas, or other such articles, and that it is the duty of the Superintendent of Buildings to see this law duly enforced. We do not know how the fine is to be collected, nor to whom it belongs when collected, but a very slight acquaintance with the internal economy of our principal places of amusement convinces us that penalties to the amount of several hundred dollars are incurred nightly by violation of this law, wherever there are crowded houses. It is quite possible that these penalties all go to the Superintendent's office, but that some delicacy of feeling prevents his asking for, or receiving them. Indeed, so far have our ordinary calculations as to the ordinary motives of human conduct been upset by Mr. Macgregor, that we should not be surprised to hear that he not only remitted the fine, but apologized for introducing so disagreeable a subject.

To prevent any trouble, however, he announces through the papers that, on a certain night, he and his deputies will visit all the places of public amusement, to see that the law as to obstruction of passage-ways is strictly observed. Nothing could be more kind nor considerate. We trust the managers provided the entire party with front seats, and a quiet supper after the performance. Who, after these friendly visits, will dare to insinuate that any campstools are ever to be seen inside a theatre? "Did not I, the great Bumble of Buildings, go there, and see with my own eyes they were not there?"

This pleasant farce of inspection of obstructions being over, there remains the serious duty of examining public buildings as to their security against fire, and the means of

speedy exit of a crowd in case of alarms, false or true. We shall mention two or three essentials, without which, as direful experience has shown, there can be no security against the sudden rush of a panic-stricken crowd. Every stairway leading from the upper floors ought to be constructed of stone, or iron, of the greatest possible width, and of ample strength. More important still, the hallway leading to the street ought to be absolutely without obstruction, either of steps (which, in the rush of a crowd, are nothing but death-traps) or railings, and of width sufficient to allow the greatest crowd inside the buildings to reach the street in a few minutes. And again, every door must swing outward. Now, let any of our readers, on entering any of our theatres, compare what they are, with the above description of what they ought to be. A glance or two will be sufficient. When such precautions are used, anybody may reasonably hope to escape unhurt either from actual fire, or what is as bad, a false alarm of fire. And, on the other hand, when such precautions are neglected, it is certain that, in the wild rush of an excited multitude fleeing for safety, many lives will be lost by suffocation or being trampled down. We do not know to what standard Mr. Macgregor or his deputies may require the buildings they inspect to conform, but we do know that if they insist upon ample, and not partial security being provided for the public, there will be a pretty heavy bill for masons and carpenters incurred by nearly every theatre in the city. No one who has ever witnessed the mad rush of a frightened crowd to escape from danger inside a building, will ever think that doors can be too wide, stairways too straight or wide, or halls too spacious to admit free egress; and, we may add, that there is hardly one theatre in our city, the approaches to the interior of which would not cause a shudder in any one whose mind should dwell for a moment on what might there happen at any hour.



The Third Avenue Railroad, in its annual statement, just published, furnishes figures which possess some interest to the public, although of a different kind from that intended by the Railroad Company. We are informed that 22,000,000 passengers have been carried on the line during the year. By the State Act of Incorporation, five cents is the utmost that may be charged for each passenger, thus representing a sum of \$1,100,000 as legal gross earnings. But on the pretext of collecting the United States tax of one-eighth of a cent from each passenger, this Railroad Company has charged six cents. That is, being entitled legally to collect \$27,500, they have fleeced the public out of \$220,000, and, like a dear, good, patient public as it is, it has submitted to the operation with a laudable docility.

We are not unaware that a decision has been rendered in the Courts, by which the right of the Railroad Companies to shift the burden of this tax from themselves to their customers has been affirmed. To ordinary minds, however, nothing could be more stupid than for Congress to levy taxes on a corporation, and at the same time authorize that corporation to collect the tax from somebody else. Robbing Peter to pay Paul is bad enough. The Railroad Companies improve the adage. In order to pay the United States (Paul) \$27,500, they rob the public (Peter) of that amount, and keep besides \$192,500 for themselves.

We, the public, are taxed heavily enough, directly and indirectly, but it is past all bearing that wealthy corporations should be allowed to saddle us with their share of taxation. It is rather an under-estimate to suppose that the receipts of the Third Avenue Railroad Company represent one-fifth of the total receipts of all the city railroads. But let us say one-fifth, and we see that a sum of over one million of dollars is annually taken out of the pockets of the people under color of the plea that the Federal Government exacts one-eighth of that sum as taxes.

As the law authorizes the infliction on the public of the one-eighth of a cent, it would be a misapplication of language to call that a swindle. But what of the other seven-eighths? To whom does it belong? To the railroad companies? Certainly not. Their charters from the State restrict them to five cents, and the Federal Government adds one-eighth of a cent. The other seven-eighths belong, then, either to the United States, in whose name it is collected, or to the State, whose authorized rate is thus exceeded. If the Secretary of the Treasury despises such small amounts as a petty million or two, we would recommend our State Legislature to look after these stray waifs; but let us in one way or another be relieved of so much of our burdens.

The public, however, would, we are sure,

pardon these and even worse speculations on the part of the railroad companies, if these, in their turn, showed any disposition to fulfill their duties toward the public. If the cars were kept in such a state that persons of ordinary habits of cleanliness could ride in them without having their senses offended; if the conductors were only tolerably civil; if any endeavors were made, by increasing the number of cars, to secure to every passenger his legal right to a seat, we might not grudge the extra cent, charging it to increased accommodation. But when, in all these respects, the railroads and all connected with them are notoriously the reverse of what they ought to be; when every evil of a monopoly is joined to every burden of increased taxation, the doubled infliction becomes penurious, and calls loudly for redress.

Washington and Grant—A Parallel.

AMONG the numerous addresses that preceded the election, and designed to bear upon it, we know of none conceived in a higher and more appreciative sense than that of Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, of this city, delivered before the National Club, on the character and services of General Grant, and which we have before us in pamphlet form. The Judge runs a very well-sustained parallel between Washington and Grant, in whom he discovers many common traits of elementary character, their differences being rather due to differing circumstances and conditions. We have not room to follow out the Judge's rather elaborate analysis, but content ourselves with the following brief extract:

"Great as were the services of Washington for his country, those of Grant were none the less so. It was the military genius of Grant, and which has justly given him the comeliness of the Great Captain of the present day, aided by the courage and perseverance of the army, and the patriotism of the people, to which we are indebted for the existence of our united Republic to-day, and for the distinction in which it is held. It is true that Grant does not, as Washington did not, desire the office. It is true that he has done nothing to procure his nomination for the place, and makes no effort to render his success certain. It is true that, previous to his nomination, he declared that he did not desire the office; that he preferred the place which he already held; and that since his nomination he has forbidden General Howard, who, in charge of the Freedman's Bureau, was about to make a tour of the Southern States, to advocate his claims to the office. It is true with him, as it was with Washington, that he has no ambition for the honor, power and patronage which the office would confer on him. Still Grant possesses in an eminent degree all the qualities which the proper, wise and just administration of the office demands. It is the quality of true greatness to be allied with modesty. In Washington this was conspicuous, and in Grant it is no less so. Each observed carefully the object to be attained and the difficulties to be overcome. Each noiselessly, without parade, but firmly, adjusted the means, collected and disposed the forces for the undertaking; and when success came, although its importance was profoundly understood, it was quietly announced. Irving, the graceful biographer of Washington, says of him: 'The character of Washington may want some of the poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude; but it possessed prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied.' How much of this language is justly applicable to Grant! In him you find the same firmness, moderation, sagacity, judgment and courage! General Dix, an excellent judge of men and character, and who has had large experience in public affairs, both military and civil, thus writes of him: 'I have thought for a year that Grant should be President. The prestige of his name will enable him to do more than any other man to heal the national divisions, which seem to me to be as far from a satisfactory solution as ever. Then he is honest, both from instinct and habit; and he has good sense, perseverance and a modest estimate of his own capabilities. I have no doubt that he would call able men to his councils, and listen to their advice; and I believe that he would be a firm, conservative and successful Chief Magistrate.' There are points of correspondence between these two leading men—the one of the eighteenth and the other of the nineteenth century—correspondence in character, and in the circumstances which gave each prominence; the one living in the infancy, the other in the early manhood of the nation. They are, and will in the future continue to be, the marked and distinguished men of their times."

Matters and Things.

SATIRICAL romances often illustrate the vanity of ambition as exemplified in a love for titles. Reality, however, is as illustrative as romance. The *Débat* reports the trial of a rich farmer, who assumed the style of "M. le Vailli," and was charged with "usurpation of title." He was acquitted, however, by an amusing but illogical judgment—"As no such title as *Vailli* is now in existence," said the tribunal, "any fool may take it who chooses."—The magistrates of Colchester, England, recently sentenced a young girl to twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labor for having plucked a branch of lavender. Although stunned by such severity, on leaving the court she said to the magistrate, "May God punish you!"—A French gastronomic writer of 1810 has left us an eulogy on coffee which only a real lover of the berry could have penned. "It is," he writes, "a beverage eminently agreeable, inspiring, and wholesome; it is at once a stimulant, a cephalic, a febrifuge, a digestive, and an anti-soporific; it chases away sleep, which is the enemy of labor; it invokes the imagination, without which there can be no happy inspirations; it expels the gout, that enemy of pleasure, although to pleasure gout owes its birth; it facilitates digestion, without which there can be no true happiness; it disposes to gaiety, without which there is neither pleasure nor enjoyment; it gives wit to those who already have it, and it even provides wit (for some hours at least) to those who usually have it not. Thank Heaven for coffee, for see how many blessings are concentrated in the infusion of a small berry! What other beverage in the world can we compare to it? Coffee, at once a pleasure and a medicine—coffee, which nourishes at the same moment the mind, body, and imagination. Hail to thee, inspirer of men of letters, best digestive of the

gormand—necrotic of all men."—The plague of grasshoppers is sweeping over a large part of Texas. The following extract of a letter dated at Belknap on the 16th ultimo, describes the first appearance of the pest: "Yesterday, the 15th, I saw a sight which I hope no mortal man will ever see again. About three o'clock, P. M., I went to the door, and observing that the sun shone but dimly, I looked for the cause. I saw in the distant west what I took to be the smoke of an immense fire, but, on looking closer, I perceived that it was not smoke. What is it? was the inquiry of every one, both old and young. It continued to approach, and in about two hours came near enough to us to see that it was a dense mass of moving matter. Nearer and nearer, dimmer and dimmer the sun shines—we see what it is—the Egyptian plague! From the ground upward as far as the eye could see, on account of their denseness, was an almost solid mass of living, moving insects—grasshoppers. All who saw the sight agree that for every square inch of surface over which they were flying, there must have been no less than one bushel of grasshoppers. This body of insects were moving ahead of a north-west wind. They were some three miles wide, and as long each way as the horizon was to us. This could be seen before they approached near enough to distinguish what they were; after they reached us the view was very limited, on account of the denseness of the mass. They passed over in a northeast direction; still we have millions left of the first coming. This is no exaggeration."—The Columbia (S. C.) *Phoenix* prints the following advertisement: "Wanted, at this office, an able-bodied, hard-featured, bad-tempered, not to be put off, and not to be backed down, freckle-faced young man, to collect for this paper; must furnish his own horse, saddle-bags, pistols, whisky, bowie-knife, and cow-hide. We will furnish the accounts. To such we promise constant and laborious employment."

THE terms of twenty-one United States Senators expire with this session of Congress. Of these twenty-one Senators, thirteen are Republicans, and eight—including Henderson, of Missouri, and Dixon, of Connecticut—Democrats. Their places will be filled by five Democrats and sixteen Republicans—being a net Republican gain of three Senators in a Senate already three-fourths Republican.

IN common with the *Tribune*, "We would like to learn from the Secretary of the Treasury how long does he propose to keep one hundred millions of coin idle and useless in the Treasury, when he might well spare sixty millions of it to buy up interest-bearing debts, and thus save the country three or four millions per annum?"

PENDING the election we heard a great deal about "carpet-baggers" in the South—a name applied to men who, imagining they had, among other rights as American citizens, that of emigrating at will to any part of the United States. From reading papers of a certain class, one would have imagined that the South was so overrun by these people that it was helpless in their hands. Now, we happen to have before us an authentic statement of the composition of the State Government of Georgia, from which it appears that the Governor, all State officers, the two United States Senators, and six out of seven Congressmen, were residents of Georgia before the war, as were the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives. Out of the two hundred and twenty members of the Legislature, but seven are Northern men who went there since the war.

THREE ACTRESSES.

THIS week two novelties have appeared on the boards of the Broadway theatres. The first was an English edition of Giacometti's "Marie Antoinette." The second was the second English edition of "Elizabeth, Queen of England," by the same author.

Verily, Signor Giacometti bids fair to become the Shakespeare of modern Italy. It would be needless to talk of the plot of either of them—so familiar have the critical, *feuilletonistes* of the daily press made these to their usual readers, &c., the whole of the civilized world. We may, however, say a few words of the two actresses who assumed the principal parts. Mrs. F. W. Lander appeared as *Marie Antoinette* at the Broadway Theatre, and translated the part with her usual independence of thought and originality. It was a sterlingly excellent performance, although it did not, in the slightest degree, suggest to us any memory of the Italian artist who first rendered the part to us in her own tongue. If anything, we should say that Mrs. Lander has much less queenly dignity and far more womanly tenderness and passion than Ristori displayed in the character. Mr. J. H. Taylor was too much of a tragic monarch, legitimately to represent *Louis Seize*. The part of the *Duke de Langens*, as rendered by Mr. G. Berks, was decidedly the best male piece of acting. This tragic drama had been as well placed upon the stage as any management might afford to do for an engagement of so short a duration as Mrs. Lander's. If not splendidly, it was thoroughly well dressed, while the scenery was generally good.

Mrs. Bowers, at Kibbo's Garden, gave us *Elizabeth*, which was as completely different from the Signora Ristori's and Mrs. Lander's rendering of the same part as it could well, possibly be. The qualified eccentricities of manner which Giacometti evidently intended to give the maiden (?) queen with, were admirably rendered by her, and though at times she failed in the energy and abandon of speech required at her hands by the Italian dramatist, it must be considered as both a thoughtful and vigorous rendering. The male characters were by no means rendered so well as they were by Mrs. Lander's company, but this ought possibly to be attributed to the hurry which characterizes the production of any drama produced by any management to fill up an odd week.

At the Stadt Theatre, Auguste de Baerndorf has been acting, and may lay claim to the position of the best German actress whom we have yet seen upon the American stage. Behind the footlights she is also undeniably lovely—a fact which, we regret to say, may influence our decision, although, we have seen a great

deal of loveliness among the scenes, which by no means endures the test of daylight. The evening we saw her, she performed the part of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and in spite of the theatre being by no means full, she performed it as we have rarely seen it rendered upon the stage in our own tongue. Her support generally throughout the piece was also excellent.

On Monday week the most amusing, as well as the most popular of our lecturers, Mr. De Cordova, gave us "The Sprits at Saratoga," in a manner sufficient to excite every risible inch of life that could be seen in Steiner Hall. To tell the truth, it was packed close in all its inches—stage, parquette, and first and second balconies. His advice upon the manner of acquiring the Grecian Bend was excellently droll, and had we been accomplished in shorthand, we should certainly have transferred it to our columns. As it is, we advise none of our few readers to lose the chance of hearing it, should he proffer it to them again. His second lecture was given upon Monday last—his third takes place in the coming week.

ART COSSIP.

MR. F. T. L. BOYLE, whose studio is at No. 127 Broadway, has lately finished a portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, in which he has caught very happily the characteristic traits of the great novelist and successful lecturer. In the studio of the same artist we have lately seen a portrait of a lady, painted in a light, transparent manner, that is very pleasing, and with much sweetness of color. Mr. Boyle is now at work on a large figure-piece of a Spanish character, which promises well.

One of our cleverest sculptors in the portrait branch, Mr. Launt Thompson, took his departure for Europe by the steamer *Manhattan*, on the 11th of the present month. The works by which Mr. Thompson is best known are, his bronze statue of Napoleon I., executed for a gentleman of this city, and exhibited at the Paris Exposition of last year, where it attracted much attention; his colossal bust of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, also in bronze, and intended for Central Park; and his fine bronze statue of the late General John Sedgwick, an account of the uncovering of which, at West Point, accompanied with an engraving, appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of November 7th. Mr. Thompson has hosts of friends in this country, whose good wishes attend him on his travels. Home will be his residence during most of his absence from this country, which will extend, probably, to about a year.

We were shown lately, at Goupil's, a portrait of General Grant, painted by Mr. D. M. Carter. As a likeness, this picture possesses considerable merit; the lineaments of the President-elect being presented without any attempt at idealization or flattery. The large picture of a "Bivouac in the Wilderness," painted by Mr. Edwin Forbes, is on exhibition in Suedecor's gallery. A number of interesting portraits are now to be seen in the studio of Mr. Le Clair. One, of the Rev. Dr. Osgood, is pronounced by the many friends and admirers of that gentleman to be an excellent likeness; and several portraits of ladies are much admired for expression and richness of color.

At the last monthly meeting of the Century Club there was on view in the gallery a remarkably fine portrait of a gentleman, painted by Mr. W. O. Stone. Both as regards drawing and color, this, in perhaps, the best picture yet painted by the artist. There was also exhibited at the Century, on the same occasion, a picture from the pencil of Mr. C. T. Dix, now, and for some time past, practicing his art in Europe. It represents a scene on the coast of Spain, and is painted with much feeling for nature in certain phases of sea and shore. A charming little picture by Mr. Eastman Johnson was on view in the same collection—subject, a little child in its night-dress, offering up its evening prayer. And some pictures by Messrs. Weir, Hennessey, Homer, Lambdin, Martin, Ehninger, and other artists, also contributed to make the occasion a very interesting one.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The King of Prussia—Clerical Beggars—German Dread of Frail Air—Effect of Imagination.

BADEN, October, 1868.

THE King of Prussia has now been here ten days, accompanied by a suite of sixty gentlemen, and as many servants, all staying at the Maison Mesmer, a small and quiet hotel, next to the Kurhaus. The queen and her suite arrived at the same house on the 8th of September, and can be seen daily going to and coming from the baths, from which, it is said, she has derived much benefit.

The king walks about the streets in a very democratic way, and I noticed yesterday that at the railway, where he had gone to meet the Crown-Princess of Prussia, he sent away his carriage, and on foot returned to his hotel, distant a short mile. He is tall, erect, and steps quickly as a boy, although now seventy-five years of age, and has the grand air of a monarch that his familiar portrait indicates. He wears ordinarily a high-crowned silk hat, black cloth frock coat and gray trousers—indeed, the dress of a private gentleman—and, save by his exceeding courtesy in raising his hat to all who salute him, would not be remarked as the ruler of the great German Empire. A friend, who has known the king for a long time, says that his successes of the past three years have operated as a rejuvenator upon him, as well as the queen, and that they look younger than before the war with Austria.

All of the royal family are here now, on the occasion of the birthday of the crown-prince, which is also celebrated in christening the last born of his children.

His sister is Grand Duchess of Baden, and resides in the beautiful chateau commanding this town, although the capital is at Karlsruhe, a fine city, distant forty miles. As Germany is called the garden of Europe, and that deservedly, so Baden is accounted the gem of Germany, and we may well believe that its absorption as an integral part of his kingdom is a most pleasant expectation to the king; and, France consenting or opposing, there is little doubt that soon the Duke of Baden will surrender his authority to his father-in-law, and the duchy, represented in Parliament at Berlin, will pass away from the map of Europe as an independent State. This voluntary union of a rich and densely populated territory will contribute much toward placing those petty kingdoms which were subjugated and annexed to Prussia for their antagonism during the late short war with Austria, and, mutually banded under one common rule, Prussia will play a part in the fortunes of Europe transcending the dreams of even the Great Frederick.

Those gentlemen beggars of money to build, finish, or support "the English chapel," are the established nuisances of continental towns. No sooner has the traveler arrived at his hotel, registered his name, and taken possession of his apartment, than a smooth-spoken, smiling, well-dressed Englishman presents himself; coming up familiarly, and addressing you by name:

"It occurred to me, Mr. Y—, that you would like to contribute something toward our English chapel here, which, you know, must depend upon the traveling public in part, who attend it while visiting Baden."

And you look sharply at the intruder, thinking to recognize him as a former acquaintance, so free and easy is his manner with you.

"No, sir," I said, to one of these *petits maîtres*, yesterday. "I give nothing for what I have no part in, and very little approve of. If the Church of England is ambitious of increasing the number of its chapels, let it

make better use of its enormous revenues than giving them to lazy, luxurious bishops, and least of all call upon dissenters, of which I am one."

Not a bit daunted, as if accustomed to such like responses, my smiling visitor withdrew, probably invoking silently a pious prayer for my heresy and irreverence.

I read in this day's London paper that an English bishop, one of those followers of the weak and lowly One, has just died in his palace, leaving only \$36,000 personal estate. All hail Gladstone and his brave Liberals for their fearless assault upon this most accursed relic of sacerdotal tyranny! for the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland will surely prove the knell of its mother in England, and then, and not till then, will that arrogant, uncharitable sect, demonstrate if its thirty-nine articles are indeed saving and of grace.

The prompt action of the Spanish Junta in driving out the Jesuits and confiscating their plunder will strengthen the hands of the bold Reformers in England, and bring churches and chapels to the situation of religion in the States, where it thrives, if at all, on voluntary support.

Everybody knows that the Germans love beer, tobacco, Rhine wine, and sauerkraut, but how they love fresh air can be affirmed only by those who travel in the railway cars with them. I was going from Frankfurt to Berlin lately, and by the police guard was shown to a carriage in which were four Germans of the better class. The thermometer was at 76 degrees, and the glass windows of the compartment were hermetically closed, and on opening the door, there issued a blast of heat, and steam, and odors, not easily described. The occupants were drowsy, and took no notice of me and an elderly English gentleman as we got in, but were soon wide awake when the train started and the fresh air came through the open window. After much grumbling, and conferring with each other, one of them made a demonstration as if to close the window, which being stoutly resisted by me and the Englishman, they sulkily submitted, and lighted fresh air than I," said my English companion; "but, to be candid, it is a good deal a matter of fancy and imagination, especially in a sanitary view; for instance, look at our fellow-travelers. Did you ever see healthier or stouter-looking people? They do not know what dyspepsia is, and, I doubt not, eat four good meals a day, two of which would suffice you or me, and sleep at night in unventilated rooms under sweltering sacks of down; indeed, enjoying a long life in ways forbidden by our best medical authorities. A physician in London tells me that he has no patients in a quarter where the foreign element abounds, as the obstinate people will persist in living in dirt, drinking strong coffee, sleeping in close rooms, and turning out children like rabbits. It is a matter of imagination, this thing of fresh air, and if you like, I can tell you an incident of travel in point. I was, several years ago," continued my pleasant companion, "making a pedestrian tour with a friend in the north of England. One day we had overrated our walking powers, and at ten o'clock at night, found ourselves still several miles from the village of our destination. It was very dark and lonely, so that, desiring a wayside inn, we resolved upon stopping till morning. Not a light was visible, and it required many and heavy blows upon the door to bring up the landlord, who, in no good temper informed us that the inn was full, there being a fair in a neighboring town, and that he could not receive us. My companion, who had seen some foreign service in the army, and never needed telling what was necessary to do, had already slipped into the house, and quietly saying he would not go out, advised me to come in also. The landlord, finding himself outkicked, begged as not to disturb his guests, and finally remembered that the garret was unoccupied, and said we might go there. We gladly accepted, and followed him, in the dark, up the stairs to a ladder which led up to the garret, where, in Egyptian darkness, our weary hounds soon discovered the bed, and without taking off our clothes, we were asleep in a moment. It could not have been more than two hours when I was awakened by the groans and convulsions of my companion, who in response to my anxious inquiries, could only feebly gasp, 'Air! give me air, or I suffocate!' I leaped from the bed, and groping about in the dark, at last found the glass pane, but was unable to raise them or open them in any way."

"Quick," shrieked my companion, "give me air, or I die!" and, seeing no other way, I caught off one of my boots and crashed it through the window. With a sigh of relief my companion thanked me, and, now, breathing easily, we both fell asleep again. Loud knocking at the door of our garret aroused us, where it seemed we had been sleeping but a few hours, and, in answer to my inquiry, 'What's the matter?' the landlord answered: "'Are you never going to come down?' 'Tis two o'clock in the afternoon.'"

"Impossible!" said my friend. "It is not daylight yet."

"Not in the garret, I know," he answered; "and never was, and never will be, for there is no window there."

"It was true. The glass I had broken in the night with my boot was the face or door of an old bookcase, stored away in the garret, and the fresh air that had so relieved the distress of my friend was of his imagination!"

Ferry Mismanagement—The Terrible and Fatal Accident at Fulton Ferry, New York City.

FROM time to time, in the public journals of this city and Brooklyn, there have been prophecies of some terrible calamity to happen through the mismanagement and improvidence of the Union Ferry Company. During certain hours of the day the boats are crowded with passengers, vehicles and horses, to such an extent that the idea of danger is suggested even to those made familiar by custom with the scene. No one, while crossing immediately before or after business hours, can contemplate the possibility of an accident without feeling the condition of helplessness and exposure of the packed mass of humanity huddled together in the narrow cabins, and to the very chains on the deck. Collisions have frequently occurred, but by wonderful good fortune but few lives have been lost, and the Union Company had acquired a reputation for good luck, if not good management.

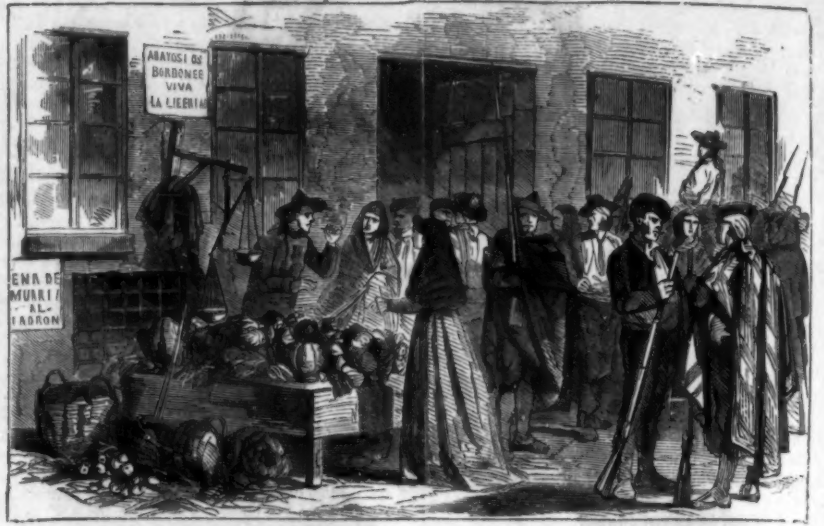
That dream of safety is now over. At half-past seven, on the morning of November 14th, the ferryboat Hamilton, with the usual crowd of men, women, children, horses and vehicles, while attempting to enter the slip at the foot of Fulton street, on the New York side, collided with the Union, a boat of the same line, at that time occupying the adjoining slip. The bow of the Hamilton being borne down by the weight of the passengers, who always crowd forward on the approach to the dock, the guards of the advancing boat were pressed under those of the Union, and an indescribable scene of confusion, terror and agony ensued.

A lad named John Brewer was sitting on the rail on the harbor side, and being wedged into his perilous position by the surging masses, his foot was caught between the two guards and severed from his body; incapable then of escape, he fell, with the broken rail, between the colliding timbers, and was crushed to death. The point of collision was on the side nearest the ladies' cabin, and a number of those assembled there, women and men, were injured. A horse was thrown into the cabin, carrying away the door-posts, and adding greatly to the terror and confusion. Several of the wounded were carried to the hospital, while others were conveyed in carriages to their respective homes. Considering the crowded condition of the boat, it is a mercy, as it is a wonder, that more lives were not lost; but the results have been sufficiently serious to alarm the thousands who are compelled to cross the river twice a day, and we suppose that popular sentiment will insure an impartial judicial investigation that will show whose negligence or incapacity has caused this misfortune; and possibly some effort may be made by the authorities to regulate the number of passengers carried by ferry, as is done with ocean ships and steamers.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 165.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—ORGANIZING THE ARMING OF THE PEOPLE AT MADRID.



STREET SCENE IN MADRID DURING THE REVOLUTION—THE MARKET OF CARMEN.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—VISIT OF MARSHAL SERRANO TO GENERAL NOVALICHES, AFTER THE BATTLE OF ALCOLEA.



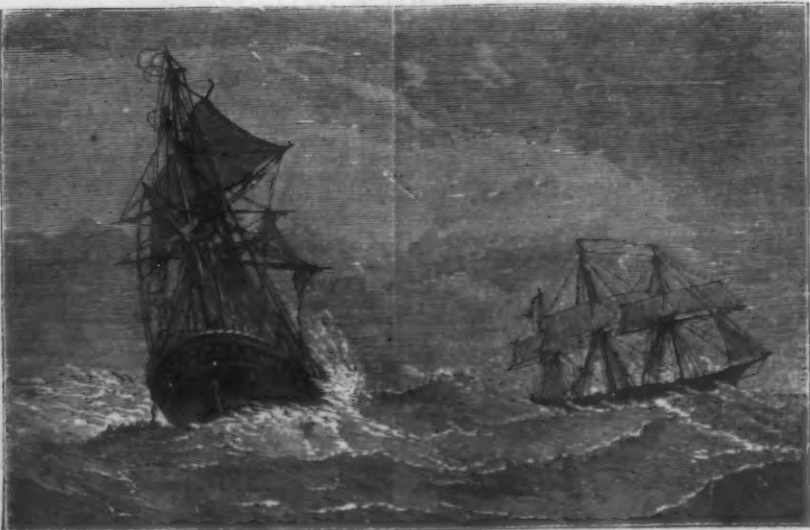
QUEEN ISABELLA, WITH HER CHILDREN AND SUITE, AT THE CASTLE OF PAU, FRANCE.



INAUGURATION OF THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, AT HULL, ENGLAND.



THE VICEROY OF EGYPT REVIEWING HIS TROOPS AFTER ESCAPING ASSASSINATION.



RESCUE OF THE SHIP AMERICANA, BY THE ADEPT, AT SEA.



THE METEOR SEEN AT PARIS, FRANCE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 7TH OCTOBER—VIEW FROM THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES.



THE LATE CAPTAIN JOSEPH J. COMSTOCK.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Scenes of the Revolution in Spain.

After the great events of the Spanish revolution, that take their place in history in connection with the regeneration of a nation, come the episodes and incidents identified with the great uprising. In one of our pictures we show, in the exercise of its functions, the commission appointed to organize the arming of the people and the institution of a civic guard. In another we represent the market of Carmen, in Madrid, in front of a fruiterers' stall. While buying their provisions, the people are commenting on the news of the day, and an individual in picturesque attire, an improvised gendarme, with musket in hand, attends to the maintenance of order. Upon the walls are revolutionary placards: "Down with the Bourbons!" "Live Liberty!" And in a corner, "Death to Robbers!" General

ral, the Marquis of Novaliches, who commanded the ex-Queen's troops at Alcolea, is recovering from the wound received at that battle. It was necessary to remove a part of his tongue; he cannot eat, being fed on broth, and cannot utter a word, but his condition has sensibly improved. Before entering Madrid, Marshal Serrano paid a visit to his antagonist of the day previous. The interview between these two generals was affecting. The wounds of the marquis prevented him from speaking, as we have said, but he wrote upon a slate, "I admire my conquerors." Our engraving represents the interview between the wounded man and his successful opponent. The residence chosen by the ex-Queen of Spain in the imperial chateau at Pau, France, has at least the advantage of a traditional reputation. Isabella is accompanied by her husband-cousin, Don Francisco, styled the King-Consort; her Intendant of the Household, Marfori, Marquis de Loja; her Jesuit Confessor Father Claretta and her children.



ST. ANN'S (R. C.) CHURCH, EIGHTH STREET, BETWEEN BROADWAY AND FOURTH AVENUE, REV. THOMAS S. PRESTON, RECTOR.—SEE PAGE 166.



REV. JAS. M'COSH, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 166.

She rises at an early hour in the morning, and attends Mass at the cathedral, after which she shuts herself up in her apartments on the first floor of the chateau, and refuses to see any person not connected with her suite.

Inauguration of the Albert Memorial, at Hull, England.

The ceremony of unrolling a magnificent marble statue, erected in the People's Park, Hull, to the memory of the late Prince-Consort of England, was performed by the Mayor, in the presence of thousands of spectators, on Wednesday, October 14th. The Prince is represented in ordinary garb, his right hand, which contains a scroll, being folded across his breast, while his left hand rests upon a small fluted column or pedestal. On the south side of the pedestal, in a panel, are the Imperial arms; on the north side, the arms of the Prince-Consort, and on the west, the Corporation arms. On a shield, on the east panel, is an appropriate inscription.

Rescue of the Crew of the Ship Americana, by the Adept, at Sea.

On Sunday, September 27th, the lookout on the ship Adept, of Quebec, reported a vessel in distress on the port bow. Both vessels were well out to sea, but the crew of the Adept promptly answered the signal, and headed their ship toward the stranger. The sea was beating high, and it was with considerable difficulty that the crew launched their small boats, and succeeded in saving all on board the disabled ship, which proved to be the Americana, from Quebec for Liverpool.

The Attempt to Assassinate the Viceroy of Egypt.

On the 22d of last September, the Viceroy of Egypt arrived at Alexandria, on his return from Constantinople. A popular demonstration welcomed his arrival. In the evening, the Viceroy was riding through the brilliantly-illuminated streets, when, in the vicinity of the Café d'Europe, two projectiles were thrown from a second story into the carriage. One fell upon the dash-board, where it remained suspended. The other was found, a few steps distant, in the street. The missiles, being examined, were found to be two copper bombshells, with sixteen wire points, six inches long, and sharpened, protruding from the surface. No one was injured. Our engraving represents the Viceroy passing the troops in review, and receiving the congratulations of the populace at the Kiosque of the Abassyah, after his escape.

The Wonderful Meteor Seen at Paris.

On the night of the 7th of October, at a few minutes after midnight, the inhabitants of Paris were surprised by the apparition of a magnificent meteor, coming from the south-east and traveling with great rapidity toward the north-west, leaving behind a perfect torrent of light. For a few seconds, the city was illuminated as if by an immense electric lamp, then suddenly all was plunged in darkness. This splendid voyager through space, which had an apparent diameter equal to that of the moon, was seen at Dusseldorf, Amiens, Granville, Havre, London and Edinburgh, which proves that it was traveling at the height of at least one hundred thousand yards.

The Late Captain Joseph J. Comstock.

JOSEPH J. COMSTOCK, whose death occurred in August last, was one of the most noted navigators that ever sailed from this port. He commenced his professional career at the foot of the ladder over forty years ago; serving at the age of fifteen as a sailor on a small vessel that plied the waters of Long Island Sound. Soon after he embarked on a ship engaged in the China trade, with which he, step by step, ascended, till he was tendered the command of the steamship Panama, the pioneer of the California line. He started with her, but an accident to her machinery compelled him to return with her. In 1850 he became connected with the Collins line of European steamers, and in this service he continued for over ten years, until the company was dissolved.

As commander of the Baltic, and afterward of the Adriatic, he added largely to his fame as a navigator. In 1859, when Mr. Wm. H. Webb, the eminent ship-builder, had completed the steam-frigate General Admiral, constructed for the Russian Government, and was anxious to see that noble vessel safely delivered at Cronstadt, he selected Captain Comstock to command her, and he conducted her speedily and safely to the Russian port. This done, he returned again to the command of the Baltic, having been granted leave of absence to perform this service for Mr. Webb.

In 1863 the famous ironclad Re d'Italia, built by contract for the Italian Government, by Mr. Webb, was navigated to Italy by Italian officers, who had been sent hither for that purpose. Mr. Webb again employed Captain Comstock to accompany them and see the vessel safely anchored in the Bay of Naples. In the summer of 1867, accompanied by Mr. Webb, he conducted the ironclad ram Dunderberg, which had been purchased by the French Government, safely to Cherbourg, where she was duly delivered to her owners.

Meantime, after the failure of the Collins line, Captain Comstock remained in command of the Adriatic for one season, during which she was run to Havre by



REV. THOMAS S. PRESTON.—SEE PAGE 166.

private parties who had purchased her. Just before the war broke out he became connected with the Norwich and New York Transportation Company as President, and superintended the construction of their steamer, City of Boston and City of New York.

During the war he commanded his old vessel, the Baltic, then in the service of the Government as a transport, and made voyages in her to New Orleans, Charleston, and many other Southern ports, skillfully and safely conveying troops and stores to points where needed at the South.

Captain Comstock was always conspicuously loyal during the dark days of the rebellion, and after it had been suppressed. With the troops he conveyed he was exceedingly popular. He was warmly patriotic, and always stood by the old flag he had carried all over the world. His eldest son, Joseph, enlisted at the beginning of the war, serving gallantly as a captain, and finally attained to a colonelcy. Another son, C. C. Comstock, is now a captain in the service of the Pacific Mail Company.

Latterly, Captain Comstock has been agent for the New York and Havre Steamship Company, owning the Argo and Fulton; and when, a few months ago, these

ships were sold and the business closed up, he retired to private life. His generous, genial, loving nature, freedom from ostentation, and simplicity of manner, endeared him to all who came professionally or socially in contact with him. As a commander he was always successful and eminently popular with his subordinate officers and crew. His death leaves a void in his profession which cannot soon be filled. Probably no navigator of our country was ever so widely and favorably known, and his counsels in all steamship matters so much sought for and respected.

We feel sure that the portrait of the captain here presented will be welcomed by his numerous friends, not only throughout our own country, but in Europe.

He was born in Providence, R. I., February 7th, 1811.

Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton, N. J.

In our issue of November 14th, in connection with our illustrations of the installation of the Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., late of Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, as President of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, N. J., we published a sketch of the life of the distinguished scholar, who has now assumed so prominent a position in the educational sphere of our country. His portrait, published in this number, will be recognized by his friends as a faithful likeness of the new incumbent.

St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, New York City.

St. Ann's (Roman Catholic) Church, situated on Eighth street, at the head of Lafayette place, was originally constructed in Murray street for a Presbyterian congregation. It was subsequently removed, stone by stone, and rebuilt on its present site. Congregations of several denominations continued to worship in it until 1823, when it was purchased by the trustees of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, subjected to a liberal improvement, and dedicated in the Fall of that year under the name of St. Ann's Church. During the last five years great alterations have been made in the interior of the church, under the direction of its present rector, Rev. Thomas S. Preston; including the erection of a new and costly altar, and an organ, the largest if not the best in the city.

Rev. Thomas S. Preston was born in the State of Connecticut in the year 1824; was educated and graduated with distinguished honors at Trinity College, Hartford, and was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1846. He became assistant minister of the Church of the Annunciation, of New York city, and afterward in St. Luke's Church.

During the great Tractarian movement of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Preston, with his associate, Dr. Forbes, embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and was received into its communion in 1849.

In 1850 he was ordained a priest, and appointed an assistant pastor at the Cathedral.

In 1855 he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese—a position of high honor—which he still continues to hold in connection with the rectorship of St. Ann's Church, to which he was appointed in 1861. Father Preston is known as a ripe scholar and an eloquent divine, and has published several religious and devotional works, of much interest.

WITH THE DEAD.

Go *left* the white cloth from her face,
Nor hide the solemn sight away,
So fearful in its marble grace.

Perhaps, my friend, this sleeper's eyes,
Now hidden 'neath their fringed lids,
Have looked ere this on Paradise.

Perhaps they see the golden street
Of God's fair city! Ah, who knows!
"Who knows?" our wondering hearts repeat.

What peaceful calmness round her lips!
To her, death may have been most sweet;
And we, we call it an eclipse!

Death may have been a blessed dawn
Of endless glory—who shall know?
We only know that she has gone!

Oh, cover up the marble face!
It makes me shiver with affright,
So cold and white its solemn grace.

Some day, my friend, our forms shall lay,
A ghostly shadow—long and dark—
As lies this shadow here to-day.

God grant that on our sight may rise,
As, let us trust, they have on hers,
The golden spires of Paradise!

VIERGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

"Yes, captain; you can just fancy how I was taken aback when they told me that she lives at the chateau, just as if she was at home—that she rides out with your cousin, and more than all, that there's an English lord who wants to marry her. When I heard all this, I felt just as if I had been shot—it stunned me. I try to say to myself that they have not told me the truth, and that she has not forgotten me—and then I think again, if she's so rich, I must not think about her any more. I have been waiting to see you, captain, to know exactly the truth—for I am very unhappy."

While listening to him I turned as pale as himself—all my blood flowed to my heart.

"Viergie!" I repeated. "Do you mean to tell me that she was engaged to you?"

"I had her promise, and believed in it with my whole heart."

On perceiving me so much affected, Miro guessed that he had been told the truth.

"They told me the truth, then!" said he, in a broken voice.

His grief was, fortunately, a diversion from mine. I could not collect my thoughts. I was as one stunned by a clap of thunder.

He looked at me with terror in his glance.

"It is true, then?" he repeated.

"Yes, it's true that she is at the chateau," said I, not knowing what reply to make.

"Come, captain, I am a man, and can bear a great deal; tell me the truth boldly—is it true about the Englishman?"

I dared not tell him the real truth. Our intended marriage had been kept so secret, that no one knew anything about it in the neighborhood. I reflected that, before deciding on any course with respect to him or myself, it would be necessary for me to soften the blow that threatened to crush him.

"Listen to me, Miro," said I. "You know that I have never hesitated to confide in you. I am about to reveal a secret to you, on which depends my honor, Viergie's peace of mind, and that of my relatives."

"Speak, captain," he returned.

"Viergie lives in the Chateau of La Morniere because she legitimately belongs to it—because she is the daughter of the Marchioness de Senozan."

"Of the marchioness? Of the marquis, you mean; every one knows that."

I then revealed to him La Mariasse's confession, with all its grave consequences. He was thunderstruck.

"Had any one else told me this but yourself, I would not have believed it, captain," he returned, bending his head under the weight of the disaster. "Well! I am a lost man! What will now become of me?"

I had not the courage to answer him. A thousand conflicting thoughts whirled through my brain; suspicion, pity, anger. Viergie had deceived me in making me believe that I was her first love. What had passed between her and Miro? I dared not question him. I felt that a complete explanation with him was impossible at that moment.

He must have seen clearly enough that the events that had occurred left him no hope. A night's reflection would doubtless dissipate all the doubt that yet remained, and I felt that I must commune with myself alone, before resolving to confide all to him. He believed from my silence that I had told him all, and perceiving me so agitated, he misunderstood my emotion.

"What trouble you have on my account!" said he. "Indeed, captain, you must not take my ill-luck so much to heart. It's all over now. It's a hard blow, but it's of no use your bothering yourself about it, for it won't change things. I can't even blame her. Let us sleep on it, and think no more about it," he added, rising from his seat.

I dared not utter a single word of consolation. He was overwhelmed with grief, and reeled like a man intoxicated. I led him to his chamber. I helped him to undress. He hardly remarked it at first, but suddenly it seemed to strike him.

"Why, you are taking as much care of me as you did when I broke my leg," said he. "I don't want that, captain."

"Come, get into bed," said I; "you are over-come with fatigue."

He obeyed me with the docility of a child.

When I was alone and tried to think, I could not at first reduce the chaos of my thoughts to anything like order. What had occurred was so unexpected that I could hardly persuade myself there was not some mistake. One moment I tried to imagine that Miro must have confounded Viergie with some other girl of the same name. But this was impossible! Her house was known to him; the people who had spoken to him were doubtless his friends—they had told him the mother was dead and the daughter was living at the Chateau of La Morniere. There could be no possible mistake. Besides, it was, after all, a most natural occurrence. He lived in the neighborhood—he had passed two leaves-of-absence with his father. It was impossible for him not to have known Viergie, like all the other persons residing there. He had loved her—and she—?

At this thought my heart sunk within me. I turned giddy. A cloud suddenly enveloped me, through which I saw dissimulation and duplicity. Viergie had deceived me—her love was a falsehood. She had betrayed this poor, simple lad, and she had betrayed me by false representations—doubtless she regarded me merely as the instrument of her ambition, or, who knows? perhaps of her cupidity.

I passed a horrible night. My happiness was in ruins. She had no doubt been warned of Miro's sudden return for some days past. I now understood her fears and presentiments, which, like a confiding fool, I had attributed to her anxious tenderness, and to the bewildering effect of such unhopd-for happiness.

I bitterly recalled to mind that past which I had tried to efface from my memory—my scruples, my struggles, my repulsion at the idea of giving my name to this strange girl, whose charms and intoxicating beauty had agitated me so much, whose mind had frightened me like a mysterious abyss, and who, under the outward semblance of an angel, I vaguely suspected, bore the heart of a demon.

Miro's confidence aggravated almost to infamy what had passed between us. What! she had lent herself willingly to Marulas's vile projects, and had come to my house at night, when she was engaged to a brave and faithful youth, who was carving out a future for himself and her at the other end of the world! She had not resolved to kill herself rather than betray him whose love she had accepted! What could I think of her? What faith remained for me in the future?

I determined to have an explanation with her as soon as it was day. But it was Sunday, and she did not leave the chateau until the hour for Mass, and then in company with my aunt and Genevieve. I had therefore no chance of meeting her as usual.

I wrote a couple of lines to her, which I dispatched by one of my servants, to tell her that I was waiting for her at the rocks. I knew that she was always the first one up in the house. By the

aid of the park key, which she had in her possession, she could come to me without any one knowing that she had left the house. It was not a time to stand on ceremony.

I had scarcely reached the place of rendezvous before I perceived her running toward me through the heather, damp with dew. At the first glance I understood her emotion—still she came to me with a smile on her lips.

"What is the matter?" said she. "I obey the summons of my lord and master."

I had prepared a long speech to force from her proof of her perfidy. But hearing these words and seeing her smile made me forget all prudence.

"The matter is, that I have seen Miro," I replied, pretending not to see the hand she offered me; "and he has told me all!"

"Poor Miro!" said she.

"Poor Miro, indeed! He has confessed everything," I added, in a tone of irony that rent my heart.

She looked at me with profound astonishment, as if she did not understand my anger.

"And what conclusion have you come to?" she asked, uneasily.

"The conclusion I have come to is, that you first forgot and betrayed him for me, as you afterward forgot and betrayed me for Sir Clarence, whom you finally abandoned to return to me. The conclusion I have come to is, that there are at least two amongst us whom you have deceived."

She seemed to be painfully affected by these words.

"Take care, Jean," said she. "You strike me cruelly, and you hurt me!"

"But what can you say to restore my confidence? Have you even had the ordinary honesty to reveal the past to me? What! you plighted your troth—and I learn it for the first time at this late hour—to an unfortunate lad, who believed you, and who returns, full of hope, to claim you! Come, justify yourself, if you can!"

I noticed that her eyes gleamed with anger as she replied:

"Justify myself! that is not the word, Jean. If we have come to that, good-by! We have nothing more to say to each other."

Her calmness exasperated me. I seized her by the arm to prevent her leaving.

"No, you shall speak!" I exclaimed.

She fixed her eyes on me with proud resignation. I was aghast of my violence. I let go her hand.

"Say one word at least that will chase away my doubts!" I exclaimed; "tell me that he is mistaken; that he has lied!"

"Lie! Miro!" she exclaimed, raising her hand.

"You would not believe it."

"Then it is true; you have basely deceived me! You have loved him."

"Yes, it is true. I have loved him," she replied, without casting down her eyes.

"And you doubtless love him still, while marrying me?" I added.

She did not move. Her face remained impassible.

"Poor Jean!" said she. "These words are intended for an insult. They are needless, however."

"You dare to address this language to me! I am curious to know what you will say to him."

"To him," she replied, quietly. "Oh, I am not uneasy. I have no need of a guide here. I have no fear of a clashing with some conventional of your world in his case. Miro is a peasant, our hearts speak the same language, and I am certain that he will understand me. As to the reproaches you make me," she continued, still calm, "if you have the right to address them to me, my instinct tells me that I do not deserve them."

"What! have you not made a mystery of this past? Whom have you deceived, in short, him or me?"

"Our intercourse has been full of storms," said she, with a bitter smile; "for this is the third time you have lavished your contempt on me. It must be the last! I will answer you, since the faith you have in me is so fragile. It shall also be my justification, as you are pleased to call it."

This assurance threw me into the most profound astonishment.

"It is a complete absence of moral sense," I said to myself.

"Listen, then, to the history of this deception," said she, dwelling on the last word with haughty disdain. "One day—I was only fifteen years of age at the time—I was rambling round the village square—it was several feast-days—watching the happy villagers dancing. I did not dare to approach too near, fearing they should send me away. My mother, as you are aware, had the reputation of possessing an evil eye; the man known as my father was shunned and despised. I naturally inherited this hatred. On that day, however, I grew bolder, and even dared to creep close up to where the fiddlers sat, when a girl named Claudie (she to whom I gave assistance last week), tried to drive me away. I refused to leave the place. Several others rose up against me—one of them called her sweetheart—who, coming straight to the bench, seized me and tore me away from the place. Every one applauded him, when a young man came forward. It was Miro; I had never seen him before, for he had only arrived on that very day; I thought that he also was going to beat me. I shut my eyes waiting for the blows, when I heard these words: 'Shame upon you, for ill-treating this child!' I then felt myself freed from the grasp that had been holding me so roughly, and opening my eyes, I saw Claudie's lover stretched on the ground. Cries were heard; other lads would have joined in the affray, but none of them dared to attack Miro. He looked them full in the face, and they were silent."

"Take my hand," said he to me, "and come with me!"

"I did not stir."

"But it's Viergie, the daughter of La Mariasse!" cried some one.

"Well, Viergie, come and dance with me," he replied, "and woe be to him who insults you!"

"And without my uttering a word, he wanted to draw me into the dance. But I burst into tears—not of grief, but happiness; it was the first time in my life that I had been protected."

"This is how I became acquainted with Miro. The next day I saw him again, and, indeed, during the whole time he remained home with his father, he came every morning to the place where I was tending my goats, and we conversed together."

"On the evening of his departure he asked me if I would be his wife—I his wife! I thought he was joking. I the wife of this handsome sailor, whom all the lads feared and all the girls courted. It was only when I saw the grief my scorn at his supposed insult gave him, that I found out he really spoke from his heart."

"Will you wait for me until the end of my service?" he asked. You will be eighteen, and on the day that I get my discharge we will get married."

"What could I answer? It seemed to me a dream. I replied, 'Yes!' I was only fifteen. Besides, he said that it was his will, and it never entered into my mind to resist Miro's orders, whatever they might be."

"He asked me if I loved him!—Great heavens! if I loved him! He was my first and only friend. He made me promise, and he left happy, leaving me very happy, and especially proud."

"His next leave of absence was two years afterward; I trembled, fearing that he had forgotten me. This time I could scarcely see him. He had the fever; but I was so happy to know that he remembered me. He still said he would have me for his wife."

"Did I love him? I did not know if what I felt for him was what was called love, but never did a more sacred feeling make a young heart beat. I was filled with admiration for the devotion he showed for me, which, indeed, had revealed to me my own strength, for I no longer allowed myself to be insulted."

"My gratitude to him was so great that I thought the least return I could make was to obey him in all things with the most passive obedience. It seemed to me quite sufficient for him to tell me to be his wife—my consent was a matter of course."

"He again went away, and I have not seen him since. During the first few months after his departure he wrote me three letters. I could only answer him twice, for I had to steal son by son from my mother to pay the postage."

"One day I met Miro's father, Mathurin, who told me that he knew his son had promised to marry me, but that he was not in earnest, because he (Mathurin) would rather kill him than give his consent; and since that time I have heard or seen nothing of Miro."

Rene, have you read this statement? I must stop, for I can no longer see—my eyes are filled with tears. After hearing this simple and heart-rending confession, I felt genuine remorse for my roughness toward this poor girl who had suffered so much. My jealousy, my anger, melted into pity. My suspicions were cowardly, my love ungrateful, and the shameless perfidy of which I accused her was nothing more than the painful resignation of an existence tortured by every description of agony. I forgot myself in thinking of all she must have suffered, and while she spoke of those sufferings in such a calm tone, as if they were the common incidents of her life, I felt myself blush for having dared to add the weight of my suspicions to such misfortunes.

"Viergie," I exclaimed, "forgive me for having doubted you."

I dared not, in her then mournful frame of mind, speak of my love which had been so ready to accuse her.

"What shall I say to Miro?" I asked, overwhelmed with shame.

"To Miro!" said she, bitterly. "Oh, I fear nothing from him. He will understand me."

"But he loves you still."

"It is because he loves me that I rely on him."

"You will see him again, then?"

"I will see him again in your and my mother's presence. I will myself tell him all."

It was agreed that I should take Miro that very day to the chateau, and we separated without my daring to say another word on the subject.

On returning to Chasol I found Miro waiting for me. With that energy incidental to his manly nature he had already put on a mask of resignation.

"Have you slept?" I asked.

"Not much, captain; but don't trouble yourself about me. It will be all right by-and-by."

"Are you going to the village?"

"Yes; I am to meet father at church."

"I suddenly remembered that it was the day on which the bans between myself and Viergie were to be published."

"To church!" I exclaimed, in a tone which must have revealed his fears. "No, Miro, don't go to church this morning."

"I must, captain. It's the anniversary of mother's death, and it wouldn't do to be absent on such a day."

"You must not go!" said I, quickly.

He gazed on me with astonishment.

"Well, captain, if it's an order, of course I must obey—but it will pain me to be absent on such a day. Still, if you want me—"

"Yes, I do want you. I will send word to your father not to expect you. To-morrow there shall be a special Mass for your mother, and I will go to church with you."

"Of course that will be of more benefit to mother, and I sincerely thank you for your kind-

ness. Still, if you could only spare me for half an hour—"

"I saw that he must have some other motive for wanting to go to church, and that I must give him other reasons to keep him away."

"Viergie expects to see you this morning," said I.

"She expects me!" he exclaimed; "have you spoken to her about me?"

"This question made me feel ill at ease."

"Yes, we spoke of you," I replied, "and I promised to take you to see her."

"But you said nothing about this yesterday evening."

"I have only just now seen her," I replied.

"From the way you say this, captain," said he, "I can see very well that you bring me no good news."

"Is she annoyed at my return on account of her intended marriage with the Englishman?"

"No, no; she has confidence in your friendship and good sense. She spoke of you as a dear friend."

"Really?" said he, fixing his eyes on me, overflowing with joy.

But it was only a momentary gleam; the melancholy expression came back again directly.

"Some people are born without any luck," said he, sighing. "Poor girl! who knows if she does not already repent having become rich?"

There was a whole world to him in this ray of hope. I pitied him deeply.

We passed the morning at Chazol, under the excuse that I had letters to write. Toward noon we started for La Moriniere.

When we reached the chateau, I found Martin in the ante-chamber. He told me that my aunt and Viergie were in the drawing-room. I saw by that that we were expected, and that Genevieve had been sent out of the way.

While passing through the door, Miro turned very pale and trembled, while my heart beat so loudly that it seemed to me that every one must hear it.

Martin opened the drawing-room door, and announced us.

On entering, I saw Viergie seated beside my aunt on a sofa. At the sight of Miro she rose up with a cry of joy, and made a movement as if she would run to him; but her emotion checked her, and she fell back in her seat again.

Miro stood, as it were, thunderstruck on the threshold, not daring to advance a step, and contemplating her with a frightened look.

"Come! come here!" she exclaimed, extending her two hands toward him.

At these words he rushed forward, and, taking her hands in his, fell on his knees before her.

"Viergie!" he exclaimed.

Then, ashamed of his emotion, he remained quite disconcerted.

She gazed on him tenderly, and suddenly drawing him to her, she pressed his head to her bosom, and kissed his forehead.

"Poor, poor Miro!" said she, in a broken voice. There was such chaste and fraternal tenderness in this embrace, that I realized how unworthy were my jealousy and suspicions.

While she thus held him in her embrace, she turned her eyes toward me, and fixed on me a proud glance of defiance.

Rene, there was in this outpouring of the soul an eloquence which my vain reason neither expected nor foresaw. I had pictured to myself that this interview would be a cold, embarrassed scene, full of trouble and regret as far as Viergie was concerned. On seeing her so tender and so bold, it was I who felt confused.

She, doubtless, guessed my thoughts, for a bitter smile moved her lips. Never did I feel reproach more keenly. I involuntarily turned away my eyes.

Miro did not know what to say. She made him sit by her side, and when she had calmed his emotion, she said:

"You have come back, then, Miro?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," he stammered, "and I hope I find you in good health."

"Mademoiselle!" she repeated, in a tone of surprise; "why not call me Viergie?"

"I dare not," he murmured, glancing at her as if he scarcely recognized her. "My captain informed me that you wanted to see me."

"I am very glad to see you again," said Viergie.

"I was afraid you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" he murmured, in a sad tone;

"how could that be, when I wrote to you so often?"

"You wrote to me!" she returned; "why, I have not received a letter from you for two years."

"For two years!" said Miro, astonished in his turn; "I sent you a letter enclosed in my father's every time I wrote to him."

"He never gave them to me."

"Ah! I understand his reasons," said he, in a tone of resignation. "It was very wrong of him—I will tell him so."

"Then you must have accused me of neglect?" said Viergie.

"Oh, no! I came home full of confidence in you. It was only when I learned the change in your life that I understood matters."

"Have they told you that I am going to be married?" she asked, in a calm tone.

"Yes, I have been told so."

"And what do you think of it? Tell the truth," she added, perceiving that he hesitated; "speak plainly."

"It gave me great pain," he returned, "but I was obliged to say that it could not be otherwise; for, of course, you must now obey the wishes of the marchioness."

"And you are not angry with me?"

"Angry with you?" he repeated, as if the question had no meaning to him. "I should indeed have a bad heart were I to regret your good fortune."

"Poor Miro!" she repeated, deeply affected at his tone of resignation, at the same time taking his hand.

"You must not grieve," said he; "it is much

better that good fortune should come to you than to me."

"I trust that you do not for a moment doubt," said Viergie, after a pause, "I shall at least remain your friend."

"I have not thought of it," said he, "but now I am sure of it, and it will be a source of happiness to me to know that you remember me."

There was so much tenderness in this explanation, that it never occurred to either of them to address a word of reproach to each other, or to doubt their affection.

"I hope you will also rely on my friendship, Miro," said my aunt. "Your father was devoted to mine."

"That is very natural, madame. Mademoiselle Viergie knows—"

"Speak of me and to me as you used to do, Miro," interrupted Viergie.

"No, let me speak in my own way," he returned. "I could not, now that I know that you are so far above me, use such a familiar mode of address; but it would grieve me very much if you were to speak to me differently from what you used to do."

A short pause ensued.

"It is true, then," he added, with a sigh, "that you are going to live in England?"

"In England?" said she, in a tone of surprise. "Certainly—if you marry an Englishman."

At these words Viergie glanced at me. I saw then that she supposed Miro knew all, and that she had not foreseen this trial.

"No, no, reassure yourself on that head," said she; "you have been misinformed—that marriage is given up; but it is another, one, which in all probability will never take place."

"Viergie!" I cried out, frightened at these words.

"Ought I not to tell him all?" she asked.

"What does it all mean?" said Miro, who was astonished at this discussion between her and myself.

"He whom I was to marry, Miro," she replied, with calmness, "is Monsieur Jean de Chazol."

"Monsieur Jean!"

I saw the blood rush into his tanned face as if this news had surprised him to the last degree. His embarrassed glances from one to the other revealed the combat going on in his mind.

"Monsieur Jean!" he repeated. "I now understand," he added, somewhat confusedly, "the trouble I caused you yesterday by speaking of these things. I did not mean to offend you, captain."

This extreme devotion, which, under the most terrible disappointment of his life, made him seek to excuse himself for having confided to me his anguish of mind, touched me deeply.

"Say not another word, Miro," said I, taking his hand, "and forgive me for not having told you all. I wished to spare your feelings."

I am quite aware, Rene, that passion always obscures reason. You, who can judge coldly of all this, will doubtless think me a blockhead. What can I say to you? On reading over this recital, it sometimes seems to me that I do not recognize myself—as if the greater portion of my actions were accomplished in a state of delirium. This love, superior to my will, has dominion over me—it drags me on, it blinds me sometimes. It would seem as if some leaven of stupid pride, or some miserable suspicion, pushed me forward to destroy my happiness by wounding Viergie's pride—by offending her by my doubts.

When Miro left, my aunt retired too, leaving Viergie and me together. I was so much agitated by the tumult of my feelings that I remained mute before her.

"You know all, Jean," said she, fixing her tearful eyes on me, "respecting the deception of which you accused me."

"Viergie," said I, with deep emotion, "I can only utter one word—pardon!"

"Oh, I have forgiven you," she returned, in a sad tone, "for I now see that I was wrong in not having confided this innocent mystery to you; but I assure you I had no idea there was any necessity to come to any explanation with you on the subject. I loved Miro as a friend who had protected me. After old Mathurin's declaration, and the fact of receiving no letters from him, I thought that he had changed his mind—that was all. I did not even accuse him. With what could I reproach him? Of what use would it have been to betray a secret confined to him, his father and myself alone? This revelation, supposing he should marry a girl in this neighborhood, might be a source of great annoyance to him. I told no one, and two years had passed away since I supposed the whole affair at an end, when I met you for the first time."

"Say no more," I exclaimed; "I was insane to doubt you! I have but one excuse, and that is, loving you so dearly. I want even your thoughts to be mine, Viergie. If you only knew how much I have suffered while doubting you."

"You did not spare wounding my pride, Jean," said she, in a cold tone; "and your esteem was so slow in showing itself, that I ask myself what is it you love me for? You should remember that these doubts, in which you every now and then indulge, recall to my mind, in a most cruel manner, that you raise me to your height in a social point of view."

On returning to Chazol in the evening, I found, as on the day before, Miro waiting for me.

"Excuse me, captain," said he, "if I disturb you again, but I want to ask your advice."

"Speak," said I; "you know you never disturb me."

In spite of the egotism of passion, I must confess I experienced an indecipherable constraint with this poor lad, who was so nobly resigned to the fatality that had overwhelmed him. I felt that a frank explanation was now necessary between us.

"You can readily understand, captain," said he, "that the kind words I heard to-day have

very much changed my ideas of yesterday. Now that I see what Mademoiselle Viergie has become, I understand readily enough that thinking anything more about my folly would be an offense, and I am truly sorry for having caused you annoyance without intending it."

"Say no more," said I, quickly, "and regret nothing. The grief I felt was on your account, Miro."

"I should be a brute if I regretted her happiness," said he; "but I am sure I am in your way—and I want you to give me leave to visit Toulon."

"You wish to leave me?" said I, deeply moved at the delicacy he showed.

"I ask for my own sake, captain," said he, turning away his head; "in fact, I require change of air."

It would have been cruel to turn him from his project, which I must confess met my approval. We were both of us in an unpleasant situation, and must get out of it at any price. It was agreed that he should go.

"Ought I to bid Mademoiselle Viergie goodbye?" he asked.

"She would be offended if you did not," I returned.

The next morning, on rising, I learned that Miro had already gone out. An hour afterward he returned.

"I came to take your orders, captain," said he.

"You leave to-day?"

"Yes, captain, unless you give orders to the contrary."

"No; follow your own inclination," I returned, for I felt that for him to remain at Chazol would only make him suffer.

"My bag is packed. I will now bid you adieu. I have bidden everybody else goodbye."

I saw that he had something which he wished to confide to me, and still hesitated to do so. I questioned him on the subject just as he was starting. He said:

"See, captain, here are the two letters I received from Mademoiselle Viergie. I took them with me this morning to return them to her, but I had not the courage to do so. And yet it seems to me that I have no right to keep them. Shall I do wrong in giving them to you to give to her?"

"No," I replied, "you will not do wrong, since it is your duty to return them."

"Here they are, then," he returned, giving me two worn-out letters, the fold of which showed how often they had been read. I stretched out my hand to take them, but drew it back again.

"You can't send them in that manner," said I. "You must put them into an envelope and seal it."

An hour later, after accompanying the poor lad as far as Severol, I reached La Moriniere.

"Miro has gone?" were Viergie's first words.

"Yes," I returned; "his father accompanies him to Aix. He charged me to give you this."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Your letters," I returned, a little agitated, in spite of myself.

She took the envelope, broke the seal, and handed me the two letters, open, saying:

"Read them."

I protested.

"You have no right to refuse me this last justification," she replied, in a proud tone. "I insist that you read them."

I obeyed. The first of these was written on a blank page torn from a printed book. I read the words beginning it, "My dear betrothed." My heart beat, but the first lines reassured me. They were really the letters of a child fifteen years of age. They were full of submission and expressions of gratitude, and the common details of her life, the village news, etc.

I saw truly that Viergie had really loved no one but myself.

The Private Habits of Horace Greeley.

BY MARK TWAIN, OF THE TRIBUNE'S STAFF.

MR. GREELEY gets up at three o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then wakes up all the household, and assembles them in the library by candle-light, and after quoting the beautiful lines:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again. I mention here, in no fault-finding spirit, but with the deference justly due to a man who is older, and wiser, and worthier than I, that he snores awfully. In a moment of irritation once, I was rash enough to say I never would sleep with him until he broke himself off this unfortunate habit. I have kept my word with bigoted and unwavering determination.

At half-past 11 o'clock Mr. Greeley rises again. He shaves himself. He considers that there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a dull razor, sometimes humming a part of a tune (he knows part of a tune, and takes an innocent delight in regarding it as the first half of Old Hundred; but parties familiar with that hymn have felt obliged to confess that they could not recognize it, and, therefore the noise he makes is doubtless an unconscious original composition of Mr. Greeley's), and sometimes, when the razor is especially dull, he accompanies himself with a formula like this: "Damn the damned razor, and the damned outcast who made it."—H. G.

He then goes out into his model garden, and applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of his cabbages; after which he writes an able agricultural article for the instruction of American farmers, his soul cheered the while with the reflection that if cabbages were worth eleven dollars apiece, his model farm would pay.

He next goes to breakfast, which is a frugal, abstemious meal with him, and consists of nothing but just such things as the market affords, nothing more. He drinks nothing but water—nothing whatever but water, and coffee, and tea, and Scotch ale, and lager beer, and lemonade with a fly in it—sometimes a house fly, and sometimes a horse fly, according to the amount of inspiration required to warm him up to his daily duties. During breakfast he reads the Tribune all through, and enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that all the brilliant

things in it, written by Young, and Cooke, and Hazard, and myself, are attributed to him by a confiding and infernal public.

After breakfast he writes a short editorial, and puts a large dash at the beginning of it, thus (—), which is the same as if he put H. G. after it, and takes a savage pleasure in reflecting that none of us understrappers can use that dash, except in profane conversation when chaffing over the outrage. He writes this editorial in his own handwriting. He does it because he is so vain of his penmanship. He always did take an inordinate pride in his penmanship. He hired out once in his young days, as a writing-master, but the enterprise failed. The pupils could not translate his remarks with any certainty. His first copy was, "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the trustees discharged him for attempting to convey bad morals through the medium of worse penmanship. But, as I was saying, he writes his morning editorial. Then he tries to read it over, and can't do it, and so sends it to the printers, and they try to read it, and can't do it; and so they set it up at random as you may say, putting in what words they can make out, and when they get aground on a long word they put in "reconstruction" or "universal suffrage," and spar off and paddle ahead, and next morning, if the degraded public can tell what it is all about, they say H. G. wrote it, and if they can't, they say it is one of those imbecile understrappers, and that is the end of it.

On Sundays Mr. Greeley sits in a prominent pew in Mr. Chapin's church, and lets on that he is asleep, and the congregation regard it as an eccentricity of genius.

When he is going to appear in public, Mr. Greeley spends two hours on his toilet. He is the most painstaking and elaborate man about getting up his dress that lives in America. This is his chiefest and his pleasantest foible. He puts on his old white overcoat, and turns up the collar. He puts on a soiled shirt, saved from the wash, and leaves one end of the collar unbuttoned. He puts on his most dilapidated hat, turns it wrong side before, casts it on to the back of his head, and jams an extra dent in the side of it. He puts on his most atrocious boots, and spends fifteen minutes tucking the left leg of his pants into his boot-top in what shall seem the most careless and unstudied way. But his cravat—it is into the arrangement of his cravat that he throws all his soul, all the powers of his great mind. After fixing at it for forty minutes before the glass, it is perfect—it is as new every way—it overflows his coat-collar on one side, and sinks into oblivion on the other—it climbs and it delves around about his neck—the knot is conspicuously displayed under his left ear, and it stretches one of its long ends straight out horizontally, and the other goes after his eye, in the good old Toodles fashion—and then, completely and unmercifully apparelled, Mr. Greeley strides forth, rolling like a sailor, a miracle of astounding costumery, the awe and wonder of the nations!

But I haven't time to tell the rest of his private habits. Suffice it that he is an upright and an honest man—a practical, great-brained man—a useful man to his nation and his generation—a famous man who has justly earned his celebrity—and withal the worst-dressed man in this or any other country, even though he does take so thundering much pains, and put on so many frills about it.

The Modern Virginia Tournament.

On my return from this gunning excursion, I suddenly stumbled upon the age of the cloth of gold, and found myself at a genuine tournament. In an open field an upright and cross-beam, like a sort of two-handed gallows, stood erect, and from the end of the longer arm dangled not a rebel, but a rine. Biding up to said ring, at a full gallop, with a bean-pole couchant in the hands of each, a number of young men were making knightly efforts to carry it off. Their efforts were hailed from a platform near by, with such cries as are related to have resounded in "franchise" either of encouragement or disapproval. To instance:

"Go it, Fooky! go it! I bet all my stamps on the knight of the lost cause! You son of a hitching-post, go it!"

In this we get the entire genius of a tournament much better than Scott renders it. Fooky having failed to get the ring, loud cries are made of:

"Now, Snipe-driver! you Gud durned knight of the bonnie blue flag, if you don't spear that ring, I'll hit you with an Irish pertater!"

Snipe-driver dashes up gallantly, misses the ring, and, in the literal truth of a chivalric vow, receives a cold turpentine on the side of his face.

In this way the knights of Swampoodle, the Unknown knight, the knight of Marlboro, the knight of the Black Horse Cavalry, and many others, dash in at the ring with varying success, till the joust is over, and the successful riders are to name their ladies, amidst much pouting, wriggling, and remarks of:

"Geo away! Ma'y Jane, I don't want to be queen of love and beauty now, just cause I know there ain't no beauty about me with talkin' about!"

"Yes! Poll! He's geowyn to crown you sho' as yo' live. He's picking you out certing as he rides along!"

The knights take their ladies in this way, and get dubbed in order; the ladies, with a giggle, saying:

"Sir knight! be valiant, just and true!"

And the last of the noble ladies who figure in this feudal folly, giving to face some shadow of tragedy, is—Miss Anna Surratt. And among the spectators, jolly as Sancho Panza, stands John Surratt, her father, upon whose head there lies such blood as chivalry never either inherited or shed.

A SCAFFOLD SCENE.

A TERRIBLE scaffold scene recently took place at Tamboor, in Russia. Young Gorski, a pupil of the high-school of that place, and eighteen years of age, was to be executed for having murdered a family of seven persons. The young criminal was conveyed to the place of execution on a wagon which was escorted by a company of dragoons. The gallows was surrounded by a crowd of ten thousand persons. After the doomed lad had alighted from the wagon, the sentence of death was read to him. He was deadly pale, and fainted before the warrant was read through. The executioner then branded him, after he had been restored to consciousness; the boy struggled violently and uttered heartrending screams when the red hot iron was applied to his forehead. He was then whipped, receiving about thirty lashes. The executioner thereupon undressed him and wrapped him in a long white blanket, tied his feet together, attached the rope to his neck, and drew the blanket over his head. He then lifted him on top of a stepladder and was about to push him from it, when the secretary of the criminal court stepped forward and told the executioner to stop. The excitement of the crowd had reached the highest pitch by this time, and it seemed as if all the ten thousand persons around the gallows were holding their breath. The executioner lifted the lad from the stepladder, removed the blanket from his face, which was livid and distorted with fear, and then the secretary read to him a letter from the Emperor, changing his sentence to hard labor for life. The executioner then untied his feet, gave him thirty more lashes—the sentence having ordered that he should receive sixty lashes—and then clad him in the convict dress and chained his legs. He was thereupon taken back to his cell, and two days afterward sent to Siberia.

THE VOTES OF THE INMATES OF THE LUNATIC

Asylum at Tewksbury, Mass., for President, were taken for amusement on election day. The result was as follows: Whole number of votes, 49; U. S. Grant, 14; Horatio Seymour, 13; Abraham Lincoln, 2; George McClellan, 2; John C. Fremont, 2; Martin Van Buren, 2; John Quincy Adams, 1; Winfield Scott, 1; Daniel O'Connell, 1; James Buchanan, 1; Emerson, member of Parliament, 1; Queen Victoria, 1; Tippecanoe and Tyler too, 1.



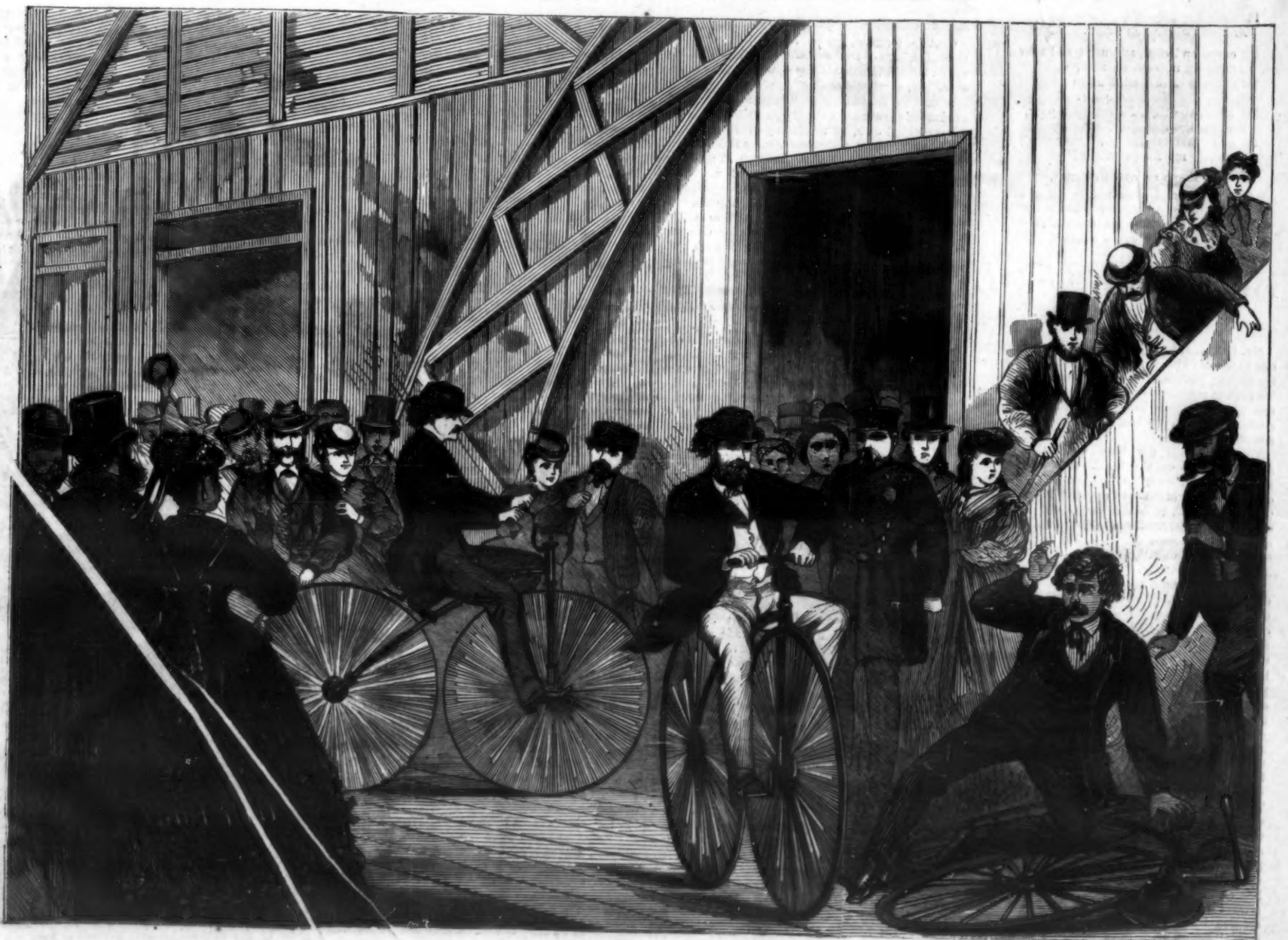
SCENE AT THE GALENA (ILL.) DEPOT, ON THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL GRANT FOR WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 7TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 171.



GRANT AND HIS FAMILY AT PILOT KNOB, ILLINOIS—VIEW OF THE VALLEY AND RIVER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 171.



SCENE FROM THE BULLESQUE OF "IXION," AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 171.



THE FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, AT THE EMPIRE RINK, ON THIRD AVENUE, NEAR 63D STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 11TH.—THE VELOCIPED RACE.—SEE PAGE 171.

AT A LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

FIRST OLD HUMBUG.

DEAR brother Brown, if we could take
Such liberty with Time,
As just to back his fatal clock
To mark our early prime.
When we were barely twenty-three,
And prodigal of Youth,
And thought all women were divine,
All men the souls of truth:
If we could feel as then we felt,
And know what now we know,
We'd take more pleasure than we did
Twice twenty years ago.

SECOND OLD HUMBUG.

Dear brother Smith, I'm not so sure,
'Tis heart that keeps us young,
And heart was over ignorant,
Since Eve and Adam sprung.
And if we knew in youthful days
As much as when we're old,
I fear that heart would turn to stone,
And blood run very cold.
Yet none the less, for sake of life,
Though life should bring me woe,
I'd gladly be the fool I was
Twice twenty years ago.

THIRD OLD HUMBUG.

Dear Smith and Brown, of parted hours
Your talk is void and vain,
They're gone—God wot! Let's bless our lot!
They cannot come again.
Each age has its appointed joy,
And each its heavy load,
And I for one would not retrace
My footsteps on the road.
I know no Time, but present Time,
And if the claret flow—
And we enjoy it—why recall
Twice twenty years ago?

I know I've had my share of joy,
I know I've suffered long,
I know I've tried to do the right,
Although I've done the wrong.
I know 'mid all my pleasures past
That sleep has been the best,
And that I'm weary, very weary,
And soon shall be at rest.
Yet all the same I cling to life,
"To be" is all I know,
And if I'm right, I knew no more,
Twice twenty years ago.

THE YOUNG HUMBUG.

You dear old humbugs, Jones and Smith,
Thou dear old humbug, Brown,
You live like oysters, though not half
So useful to the town.
I'll lead a nobler life than yours,
While yet my youth remains,
And gather up a store of gold
To heal old Age's pains.
You've had your pleasures as you went
In dribblets small and thin,
I'll have my pleasures in the lump,
And end where you begin.

I'll carve and care, and stint and spare,
And heap up sum on sum,
To make myself a millionaire
Before old Age shall come.
I'll flannet the rich, I'll feed the poor,
And on the scroll of Fame,
So large that all the world may read,
I'll write my honest name!

CHORUS OF OLD HUMBUGS.

Yea! Fool! and when you're old as we,
You'll find, on verge of death,
That little pleasures are the best,
And Fame—not worth a breath.

DUEL FIGHTING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

FIRST CHAPTER.

MR. CARLIZ, in summing up the characteristics of the old French noblesse, gives them credit for having possessed one merit, such as it was, "a perfect readiness to fight duels." The authorities on the subject have recorded many curious stories. We will lay the authorities under contribution.

To begin with the time when the tide of revolution was on the flood. A certain young noble, M. de Servan, on taking leave of some court ladies to attend the opening of the States-General in 1789, gallantly shook out his white cambric handkerchief before them, and said, "I shall bring you back half a dozen of those troublesome Bretons' ears." His first essay was upon M. de Hératy, whose cheek he stroked in a playful way. On being remonstrated with, he repeated the familiarity, and had his foot pounded beneath the Breton's heavy boot-heel in return. A duel ensued. The courtiers came in coaches and chairs, attended by servants bearing torches, to witness the reaping of M. de Servan's first crop of ears, instead of which they saw the unfortunate champion of feudalism, in the course of a few minutes, stretched dead upon the ground. Later, the noblesse are said to have leagued together, to get rid of the popular leaders in the National Assembly, one by one, by fastening quarrels upon them, and by systematically silencing their tongues and their pens by the skillful application of the requisite number of inches of cold steel. This was, however, too slow a method for the royalist Faugé, who boldly proclaimed in the Assembly, that there was but one way of dealing with the ultra-patriotic party: "to fall sword in hand on these gentry there," meaning the members on the extreme left. Mirabeau, as has often been recorded, refused to fight until after the constitution was made, and used to content himself with observing to his challengers, "Monseigneur, I have put your name down on my list; but I warn you that it is a long

one, and that I grant no preferences." The Grange Bataillere section prayed the Assembly to declare, that whoever sent or accepted a challenge, should be excluded from all future civil and military employment; and one of the Paris journals published the proposed form of a decree, according to the terms of which every member of the Assembly fighting a duel was to be excluded from the Assembly; and any speeches he might have made were to be removed from its records, and publicly burnt.

A writer in the *Observateur* went so far as to demand that all duelists should be branded on the forehead with the letter A (assassin). Patriots who refused to fight duels had their names printed in large type in the patriot journals; and the company of chasseurs of the battalion of Sainte-Marguerite passed a resolution to the effect that "they would present themselves in turn at the sittings of the National Assembly, and would regard as personal all quarrels provoked with patriot deputies, whom they would defend to their last drop of blood."

Citizen Boyer, however, went beyond this; he was prepared, Atlas-like, to take the burden of all these quarrels on his own particular shoulders, and actually opened a bureau on the Passage du Bois de Boulogne, Faubourg Saint-Denis, where the preliminaries of these affairs might be arranged, and whence he wrote to the journals that he had made a vow to defend the deputies against their enemies. "I swear," said he, "that neither time nor space shall shield from my just vengeance the man who has wounded a deputy. I possess arms that the hands of patriotism have fabricated for me. Every kind of weapon is familiar to me; I give the preference to none. All satisfy me, provided the result be death." After publishing this pot-valiant and sanguinary declaration, he presented himself at M. de Sainte-Luce's, who had an affair in progress with young M. de Rochambeau, wherein upon this nobleman put the bragging condottiere out at the door. In no wise discouraged by this insult, Citizen Boyer formed a school, and enlisted a battalion of fifty spadassinicides (bully-killers), and wrote again to the newspapers, renewing his professions of courage, and his threats of vengeance.

While the duels between the royalists and patriots were at their height, Gervais, the maître d'armes of Viscount de Mirabeau (Barrel Mirabeau as he was called, by reason of his bulk and his powers of imbibition) used to pass his nights in training young aristocrats to spit patriot orators in the Bois de Boulogne, on the coming morning.

At the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, scarcely a day went by without its hostile meeting in Paris, chiefly between the officers of Napoleon's army and those of Louis the Eighteenth's Body Guard, but also between the former and the various English, Prussian, Russian, and Austrian officers in the French capital. The Bonapartist officers would repair to the Café Foy, the rendezvous of Prussian military men, for the sole purpose of picking quarrels with them; and, if the opportunity presented itself, they would insult English officers with equal readiness.

Captain Gronow, known by his lively "remembrances," who was a dead shot, was walking with a lady in the Palais Royal, when a Bonapartist officer, a notorious duelist, after announcing that he intended to bully an "Anglais," proceeded to place his arm round the lady's waist. On being remonstrated with, he replied by spitting in Captain Gronow's face, and was instantly felled to the ground by his filthy impertinence. A meeting took place the following morning, the Frenchman bragging that he intended to add an Englishman to his list of killed and wounded. He fired, and singed his opponent's whiskers, and in a few seconds was shot through the heart. Gronow having afterward to fight with the French officer's second, was content to wound his adversary in the knee—an act of forbearance which brought the captain no less than eleven challenges. The French Minister of War, however, interfered, and no more meetings took place.

One of the most celebrated of these duelists, the Count de Larilliere, was a native of Bordeaux. He was at the time of my story a man of between thirty-five and forty years of age, tall, well-made, and with polished manners; in short, his appearance utterly belied the good-for-nothing kind of life he was in the habit of leading. One day while he was walking with a friend, or, rather, an accomplice, in the most frequented street of Bordeaux, he saw approaching them, on the same side of the way, one of the richest and most honorable merchants of the town with his newly-married wife upon his arm. When the young couple were within hearing, Larilliere advanced courteously toward them, hat in hand, and with a smile upon his lips, and with all the outward semblance of a well-bred man, who is about to deliver himself of a speech of more than ordinary politeness. "I beg your pardon," said he, addressing himself to the merchant, who, with his wife, had abruptly halted; "but I have just made a bet with my friend, whom I have the honor of presenting to you"—here he mentioned his friend's name and quality in due form—"that I will kiss your wife on your arm"—the husband, knowing the count's character and reputation, here became ghastly pale—"after having, first of all, given you a box on the ear." Saying this, the miscreant stared impudently in the face of the amazed merchant, who was, however, still more amazed to find, spite of all the resistance he could offer, both threats put into immediate execution. A challenge and a meeting followed, as a matter of course, which resulted in the injured party receiving his death-wound, and the aggressor going forth in search of new victims.

After proceeding for some time in this course, Larilliere was enabled to boast of having killed no less than eleven individuals; of those whom he had merely wounded, he took no kind of account. He had fought, altogether, upward of forty duels, and was bent upon making up his

Josen, after which he proposed to rest for a time, and to continue his practice with the new cavalry sabre, to which, as being a far more deadly weapon than the ordinary small-sword, he had taken a strange fancy. This laudable desire of his was not destined to be realized, for he was himself killed in a duel, under rather strange circumstances, a few days after the death of his eleventh, and last victim.

On the evening of a masked ball at the grand theatre at Bordeaux, Larilliere was seated in an adjoining café, which he was in the habit of frequenting with the members of his own particular set. It was eleven o'clock, and our duelist, who had been for the moment abandoned by his ordinary companions, feeling in no particularly quarrelsome humor, was occupied in peacefully imbibing a glass of punch. Suddenly a tall young man, wearing a black domino, and with his face concealed behind a black velvet mask, entered the café, and strode up to the table at which Larilliere was seated.

None of the ordinary habitués of the café took any particular notice of the new-comer on his entrance, as the masked ball, which was to take place that night, sufficiently explained his costume; but no sooner was the mysterious visitor observed in the vicinity of Larilliere's table, than all eyes were attracted toward him. Without a single preliminary observation, he seized hold of Larilliere's glass, threw away the punch it contained, and ordered the waiter, in a loud voice, to bring a small bottle of orgeat in place of it.

Witnesses of the scene say that, at this moment, for the first time in their lives, they observed Larilliere turn pale. It was the common belief in Bordeaux that, during the fifteen years this man had been applying himself to the task of destruction, he had never once allowed his countenance to betray the slightest emotion.

"Scoundrel!" he exclaimed to his masked adversary, "you do not know who I am," making, at the same moment, a vigorous, but unsuccessful, effort to remove the mask from the stranger's face.

"I know who you are perfectly well," coldly replied the unknown, forcing Larilliere violently back with one hand. All present started to their feet, and though no one among them ventured to approach the disputants, they contemplated none the less anxiously the issue of this strange provocation.

"Waiter!" exclaimed the unknown, "be quick with that bottle of orgeat."

At this second command the bottle was brought; whereupon the masked man, still standing immediately in front of Larilliere, who was foaming at the mouth with rage, proceeded to draw a pistol from his right-hand pocket. Then, addressing his adversary, he said:

"If, in the presence of this company, and for my own personal satisfaction, you do not at once swallow this glass of orgeat, I will blow out your brains with as little compunction as I would those of a dog. Should you, however, perform my bidding, I will then do you the honor of fighting with you to-morrow morning."

"With the sabre?" asked Larilliere, in a paroxysm of rage.

"With whatever weapon you please," replied the stranger, disdainfully. Whereupon Larilliere swallowed the orgeat, with an expression of countenance as though it were to him the dregs of a bitter cup indeed, while every one present preserved a death-like silence.

The masked man, satisfied with the effect produced by his provocation, now retired; saying to Larilliere as he did so, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the lookers-on:

"To-day I have humbled you sufficiently; to-morrow I intend to take your life. My seconds will wait on you at eight o'clock in the morning. We will fight on the spot where you killed the young Chevalier de C."

This was the name of the count's eleventh victim.

The following morning, Larilliere found himself in the presence of a man no longer wearing a mask, and who appeared to be some twenty-five years old. The seconds by whom he was accompanied were two common soldiers, belonging to one of the regiments stationed in the citadel of Blaye. The bearing of the unknown was collected and dignified, and singularly resolute. His seconds had brought weapons to the ground, but Larilliere's seconds took exception to them, at which a scarcely perceptible smile passed over the stranger's face.

On taking his position, Larilliere turned toward the second nearest to him, and said, in an undertone: "For once, I believe, I have found my equal."

The combat commenced. At the first passes the count was confirmed in his opinion that he had to deal with a skillful adversary. However, his courage did not fail him, though there were times when he seemed to lose his accustomed composure. Lunges and parries succeeded each other with rapidity on both sides. Larilliere, desirous of bringing the affair to a close, had already tried his finishing thrust two or three times, but only to find his sword turned aside by his adversary's blade. Harassed at finding his efforts unavailing, he insolently remarked to his opponent, "Well, sir, at what hour do you intend to kill me?"

There was a momentary silence, broken only by the clash of the two swords. Then the stranger, who seemed to have profited by that slight interval to assure himself that the advantage of the encounter lay decidedly with him, quietly replied to Larilliere's last question, "Immediately." Saying which, he thrust the point of his sword between the ribs of his adversary, who sprang backward, tottered, and sank into the arms of his nearest second. Putting his right hand to his wound, the count said, with difficulty: "That, sir, is not a sabre-cut; it is a thrust with the point—with the sabre I feared no one." In a few moments he fell back dead.

The stranger now advanced politely toward the seconds of his victim, and inquired if he was at liberty to depart.

"Will you at least tell us your name?" asked they, in reply.

Larilliere's opponent proved to be one of the young officers of the garrison at Blaye. When the fact of the count's death became generally known in Bordeaux, many mothers of families actually had Masses said, in thankfulness to the Almighty, for having delivered them from so dreaded a scourge.

AFTER this detestable count's death, there sprang up in Bordeaux a tribe of duelists, obstinately prepared to contest with each other the succession to that vacant post of infamy, which the count had for several years filled without a rival. Among these aspirants were two, more audacious and resolute than the rest, who eventually remained masters of the field of action, and for five years rivaled each other in effrontery and temerity, with the view of obtaining the coveted title of "first blade." In this strange kind of contest, in which each at times gave proofs of a laudable courage, they displayed no lack of artifice to impart to their more insolent provocations all the importance of a great scandal. One of the pair, an Italian by birth, but resident in France for a considerable time, and recently settled at Bordeaux, was the Marquis de Lignano, better known by the simple title of the Marquis. He was rather above thirty-five years of age; of a small, thin, weakly figure; and with a repulsive, sickly-looking countenance. He was excessively nervous and petulant. The sound of his voice grated most disagreeably on the ear, and it was impossible to look at the man, while he was speaking, with his head insolently thrown back, without conceiving a strong prejudice against him.

The marquis handled his sword like no other individual skillful of fence; his lunges were lively, jerky, in fact, singularly rapid, and commonly mortal. He recognized but a single rival: only one foeman really worthy of his steel. This was his intimate friend, Monsieur Lucien Claveau, who for the moment shared his glory, but whom he hoped some day to kill, and so peaceably to enjoy the succession of the deceased Count de Larilliere. The inhabitants of Bordeaux, victims of the turpitudes of this pair of spadassins, on their part looked forward with interest to a contest which they knew to be inevitable, and the issue of which would be their certain deliverance from one or the other scourge. Meanwhile, the marquis and Lucien Claveau seemed on the most intimate and agreeable terms.

Some few days subsequent to a meeting which resulted in the marquis killing his adversary (and which made a great noise at the time on account of the peculiarly unjustifiable act which led to it), Lucien Claveau, priding himself upon his brute strength, and jealous of his rival's reputation, resolved to outdo the marquis in some more than ordinarily extravagant proceeding. For this purpose he went one evening to the opera, accompanied by a friend and accomplice. Claveau, having slowly scanned the different individuals seated in the stalls, fixed upon the particular person whom he would insult, and then sat himself immediately behind that person. The curtain rose for the continuation of the performance, and when the audience were eagerly listening to the singers, Claveau drew from his pocket a pack of cards, which he gravely proceeded to shuffle; watching all the while, with a fierce look, the slightest movement of the individual with whom he was bent upon picking a quarrel. His friend having cut the cards, he dealt to his friend and to himself, and this pair of spadassins commenced playing a game of *carté* on the crown of a hat, as unconcerned as though they had been in the card-room of their club. Suddenly and precisely at the moment when the principal singer entered, Claveau cried out so that the whole house might hear him:

"I mark the king!"

A loud murmur followed this untimely exclamation.

"Silence!" shouted the predestined victim, looking round at Claveau and perfectly unconscious of the fate in store for him.

"I tell you that I mark the king!" roared Claveau, darting back on him a savage glance.

"And I tell you that you are an ill-mannered fellow," was the response.

At these words the duelist rose, and in the midst of the clamor raised by the protests of the audience, gave a sharp box on the ear to the unhappy individual who had ventured to remonstrate with him. Addresses were, of course, exchanged, and Lucien Claveau quitted the theatre perfectly satisfied; for the outrage had been as public as possible. On the following day the duelist killed his man, and thought himself entitled to share the marquis's honors.

When the latter was informed of all the details of the quarrel, he called immediately on Claveau to congratulate him.

"What you have been doing is certainly rather remarkable in its way," said the marquis, "but I promise you I will hit upon something, better still!"

"That is hardly possible," replied his friend, "unless we ourselves were to fight, and—"

"So, then, you, too, think of this coming about between us, do you?" asked the marquis, regarding his rival languidly.

"One day or other, I fear, we shall be compelled to fight," rejoined Claveau. "We shall be forced to take the step, sooner or later, I fancy, in defense of our reputations."

"My poor friend, I hope not!" exclaimed Lignano, grasping Claveau's hand with an affection of tenderness.

"Dear old fellow!" responded the other, pumping up with considerable effort a hypocritical tear. "One can imagine a couple of hyenas, as they dispute in the night-time over some dead body,

interchanging such sickening expressions of sympathy.

"Ere long you shall hear me talked about," rejoined the marquis, on taking leave. Indeed he was not the man to allow Lucien Claveau to enjoy his triumph long. He was resolved to outdo his rival, and, in a few days, had decided upon his plan.

The Mystery Explained.

I WAS spending the most beautiful part of the year at Rose Hall, my usual summer resort; and a gayer, happier company than that which was then around me I have seldom found. Excursions, picnics, and all manner of enjoyments were continually on the list, and never had time passed so pleasantly before.

One among us, however, seemed to take no interest in our gathering, or in any of our pleasure parties; and Charles Meredith's coldness and reserve was frequent subject of comment, especially among the ladies. Young and attractive he certainly was, and possessed of brilliant colloquial powers, which I myself had often tested; for, strange to say, Mr. Meredith had repelled all friendly advances from others, and it was only after many persevering efforts that I finally drew him out of his reserve. Our sameness of pursuits had some influence here, no doubt. We were both artists. I was strongly and irresistibly attracted toward the handsome, energetic enthusiast; and it pleased me greatly to find that in my company, at least, he would throw off the mask of reserve.

When at length I persuaded him to mingle with our little party in the drawing-room, the fascinating young artist soon became a general favorite. I have noticed more than one fair lady's cheek blush with pleasure when Charles Meredith's dark eye flashed into hers; but among all the ladies of our little set, he seemed to choose Annie Fay, the merriest little fairy that ever danced upon the earth.

One stormy evening we were sitting in the well-lighted drawing-room, most of us in earnest conversation concerning the "sphere of woman." I noticed that Charles was unusually quiet as the discussion went on, though his eyes were flashing strangely as he listened to our various ideas.

Suddenly I exclaimed to my opponent: "Say what you will, sir, when a woman has once lowered herself from her proper sphere, she has lowered herself far in my estimation and respect."

As I said this, I turned my gaze full upon Charles Meredith's face as if to ask his opinion. To my terror, I saw him spring from his seat with pale face and hands uplifted, as though suffering intense agony. Several gentlemen sprang forward to aid him, when suddenly his arms fell helplessly by his side, and, hastily turning, he left the room.

"Poor fellow!" said Annie Fay; "he works so incessantly that it is no wonder he is ill."

Her words were received as sufficient reason for Charles's behavior, and were verified when he returned to offer an apology for his abrupt departure, giving sudden illness as an excuse.

After that Charles Meredith never joined us in the drawing-room again. More reserved than ever, he worked in his room, or, with sketch-book in hand, spent days in rambling over the hills. I now seldom met him; or when I did I was pained or surprised to find that his interest in me seemed entirely gone, so cold and discouraging was his behavior.

"Mr. Meredith has left us," remarked Mrs. Ross, one morning, after we had breakfasted.

"Left us?" I exclaimed. "Where has he gone, and why?"

"I do not know; he gave me no reason," was the answer.

Now that he had gone, I found what a deep hold the dark-eyed boy had taken upon my affections. I recalled his graceful form, his musical voice, and sad looks, and regretted keenly that I had not taken greater pains to secure his friendship.

I was walking in the garden, one day, just at twilight, and hearing the roll of carriage-wheels, I approached the front-entrance gate. A traveling carriage drew up before me, and as its occupant sprang out and came toward me, I was surprised to find it was Charles Meredith. We entered the house together, but he did not appear at the dinner-table. Mrs. Ross was stating how glad she was to see him back again, and how pale and ill he looked when he entered.

The next day the bell was muffled, doors were opened and closed carefully, and the news of Mr. Meredith's dangerous illness flew from mouth to mouth. For a long time his life hung on a thread; but at last our good hostess joyfully told us of his sure recovery. A mighty load seemed to leave my heart, and I now waited anxiously for his reappearance. Great was my surprise and disappointment, then, when I heard that he had again left. As before, I asked where he had gone; but Mrs. Ross did not seem to hear my question; and I impatiently exclaimed to Annie Fay, who stood near me, "It is very strange why Mr. Meredith thus suddenly takes his departure. Have you any idea of the time of his return?"

"He will not return at all, Mr. Brookfield; for he—"

Here Annie suddenly stopped, and casting a quick, confused glance at my face, she turned away. I looked after the little sprite in surprise.

"Why should she know anything of Meredith's affairs?" I thought; "and certainly she does, for she appeared strangely confused."

The next week I packed my trunk and started off also, with no particular determination or destination in view. I visited every studio and art gallery I came across, however, half in search of Charles Meredith, and half despairing of ever seeing him again. My efforts were unavailing. I never met Mr. Charles Meredith.

At last I settled myself in a fine old city, offering me many inducements to remain. Having several influential friends in the place, I soon

found myself in the midst of all the fashionable pleasures then at their height. Invitations poured in upon the successful artist, and my time was fully occupied. As I entered my studio one afternoon, I found there an invitation to attend an entertainment given by Miss Helen Meredith.

"Perhaps this young beauty and heiress is some connection of Charles's," I thought, and accepted the invitation.

The lady was unknown to me by sight, but by report she was no stranger. On the specified evening I entered the brilliant saloons, accompanied by a friend, who presented me to the beautiful hostess. I noticed that the lady turned hastily at the mention of my name; and I fairly started with surprise, for Charles Meredith himself seemed to stand before me; only that the sad, worn look did not rest upon his face, and, amid her surroundings, Miss Meredith seemed peerlessly lovely. She must have noticed my long glance at her face, for her cheek was crimson; and merely speaking my name, she turned away.

I was provoked at myself for allowing a mere resemblance to disturb me so; and then, drawn irresistibly, I turned to look at her again, and met her eyes fixed full upon me. She was very pale now; and a strange thrill ran through me as I once more watched the strange resemblance to Charles Meredith.

"Pshaw!" I said to myself, "she must have a brother by that name. That is the reason of it. I shall certainly ask her if such is the case."

During the evening I found an opportunity of doing so; and I was assured that she had no brother.

"That is my sister at the piano, Mr. Brookfield," she said.

I felt rather foolish; and to relieve myself, I told the story of my deep interest for Charles Meredith. She listened politely to the end; and then, after a few comments, she requested me to return to the room which we had left. I glanced at the burning cheeks and bright eyes, and then did as she requested.

I went home that night strangely happy; with Miss Meredith's permission to call again still ringing in my ears. I did visit her again, and many times. At first, because she reminded me so much of the lost Charles Meredith; and finally, because my heart was in her possession.

A year flew by; and then I asked Helen Meredith to be my wife. She sat very quiet while I was speaking; I could not help noticing how tight her hands were clasped together, and how gaspingly came her breath.

Finally, she looked full in my eyes, and said: "Before I answer you, Mr. Brookfield, I shall tell you something that may, perhaps, greatly change your mind."

Here she stopped suddenly, and after a great effort, she continued:

"In a small country town, four years ago, a gentleman died, leaving two daughters to the care of an uncle, who had one son. This uncle, miserably as he was, allowed his nieces, and, indeed, his own son, only the barest necessities of life. The younger of the sisters was an invalid, and needed more than these. This the other soon discovered as she saw her sister, day by day, approaching the grave. One day she applied to her uncle for assistance, but was roughly told that if she would consent to marry his son, more would be done for them than had been hitherto. The proposition was, of course, firmly and instantly refused. But seeing that the persecutions of both father and son would soon be unendurable, the sisters one day left their uncle's roof, and betook themselves to a place where they were utterly unknown. For a long time the elder sister sought in vain for employment; and, at last, to avoid further privations and persecutions offered a helpless woman, the high-spirited girl was driven to a novel expedient—that of donning male apparel."

Here the thrilling voice again wavered, and a light was gradually breaking over my mind. But I kept my eyes resolutely upon the floor until she gained courage and proceeded.

"The young girl now engaged a room for an artist's studio, and, to her joy, found that her talents and productions were appreciated. After a short time she was enabled to place her sister at a good school, where her health would be sure to receive proper attention."

"For a time the young artist labored incessantly, scarcely leaving her canvas, and giving herself but few hours for recreation. Part of a summer was spent at a pleasant country-place, from which she was recalled by the dangerous illness of her sister. When relieved of anxiety on her account, she returned again to her summer resort, but only to suffer many days of illness, caused by over-exertion. During this illness the lady of the house proved herself to be a true Christian and a noble, disinterested woman. Day by day she watched by the sick-bed; and to her, and a warm-hearted girl in the same house, was confided the story of a young, struggling artist. After her recovery the young girl learned that a large fortune had been left her by a distant relative. Once more the country-place was left behind, and with thankful hearts the two sisters took possession of their ample inheritance. And now, though Helen Meredith earnestly desires Mr. Brookfield's good opinion, and knows that he does not appreciate a woman who has 'once left her proper sphere,' yet she has told him her story, and is ready to hear him speak for himself."

"And I, Helen, having heard your story, and understanding it, wait patiently to hear your answer to my question," I answered, quietly holding out my hand.

"Then you are satisfied with me?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Perfectly," I answered, and her hand was lightly laid in mine.

I had my answer.

How to get at the real complexion of some ladies—take a little soap and water.

General Grant's Departure from Galena, Illinois, November 7th.

QUIETLY, and without parade, like a private gentleman traveling with his family, General Grant left Galena, for Washington, on the evening of the 7th November. Our engraving represents the General at the Galena depot, taking leave of his friends before stepping into the car. He was accompanied by his family, Generals Comstock and Badeau, of his Staff, General John E. Smith, and J. Russell Jones, Esq., United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois. The party came directly through leaving Chicago on Friday morning, and making the journey to Harrisburg so rapidly, that, until he reached that city, there was no opportunity for any demonstration. At Harrisburg he was enthusiastically greeted while waiting for the Baltimore train. He arrived at Washington on a special train, at 3:15, P. M., and proceeded to his residence on I street, without having been recognized, accomplishing a decisive flank movement upon those who had anticipated the pleasure of giving him a hearty welcome.

General Grant and his Family at Pilot Knob, Illinois.

ABOUT three and a half miles from Galena, Ill., in the centre of the lead mining district, there is a mountain called Pilot Knob, the highest elevation of the range. It is the property of an old German settler, who has built there a house of entertainment, called Pilot Knob Hotel. The view from the summit is magnificent, embracing for miles the Valley of the Mississippi and the course of the great Father of Waters, while in the distance, the eye, sweeping over the plains of Illinois, rests upon the distant soil of Iowa and Minnesota.

General Grant, when at Galena, would often, in his rambles, visit Pilot Knob, and our artist has represented him, with his family, enjoying the fine prospect from its summit.

The Burlesque of "Ixion," at Wood's Museum, New York City.

FROM the fact that the auditorium of Wood's Museum is nightly filled to its utmost capacity by admiring and applauding spectators of the burlesque of "Ixion," we judge that every one in the metropolis and its vicinity has witnessed that magnificently ridiculous and entertaining performance. Thousands will, therefore, recognize the scene represented in our engraving. The burlesque is one of the best of its kind, but we shall not trespass upon the domain of our dramatic critic by an analysis of its merits.

The First Semi-Annual Exhibition of the New York Athletic Club.

ON the evening of the 11th of October, the New York Athletic Club inaugurated the first of the exhibitions that it is proposed to give semi-annually in this city. This Club has been recently organized for the purpose of promoting all manner of healthful games and exercises, and, from the success that has attended the initial performance, it promises to become a popular institution. The exhibition was held in the immense Empire Skating Rink, on Third avenue, near Sixty-third street; which, for the occasion, was brilliantly illuminated with three hundred jets of gas. Several thousand people were in attendance in spite of the unpropitious weather, who were entertained as well by the exercises as by the splendid music of Dodworth's full military band of forty-two pieces.

These games are open to all amateurs, whether members of the Club or not, and prizes are awarded to the successful contestants. Fifteen different games appeared on the programme of the evening. The judges were Mr. Mitchell, of the New York Caledonian Club; Mr. John Wood, and Mr. James S. Reynolds.

During the evening a velocipede race was run on the wooden platform encircling the enclosure. It is this amusing feature that we have represented in our engraving.

The contestants of the evening appeared in gymnastic dress, and displayed some splendid muscle. Mr. Curtis, of the Athletics, presented one of the finest physiques on the ground.

The Goldies, of the Caledonian Club, were conspicuous for the grace of all their performances, and Mr. Buernayer carried off the palm for immense proportions. The prizes were elegant gold and silver "Legion of Honor" crosses.

A HERO IN SPAIN.

THERE is an episode connected with the battle of Alcolea which ought not to remain unknown to the reading public. Among the English engineers in the employment of the Andalusian Railway Company, there is a man who first came out in the capacity of an engine-driver, but who, owing to his intelligence and good conduct, was subsequently promoted to the head management and superintendence of the locomotive department. His name is John Routledge, and he comes from Yorkshire. He is two or three inches above six feet in height, athletic in frame, and with a proportionately great soul within him—a gentle, unassuming, hard-working man, with a well-established character for a genial and cordial disposition, among the large colony of practical scientific laborers scattered all over the Peninsula, busy with the direction of its railway, canal, and mining enterprises.

Routledge, who was stationed at Cordova, could not resist an Englishman's curiosity to look on the scene of strife and death about to be performed so near him, under the impulse of political passions to which, in his capacity of an alien, he was a perfect stranger. He presently, however, became weary of his inactive position as a spectator. Prompted by his humane instincts, he no sooner saw men dropping here and there in the foremost ranks, and writhing on the ground between life and death, than he rushed forward from his safe shelter, and plunging into the thickest of the mêlée, began his work as an ambulance man, lifting up the wounded in his stalwart arms and conveying them, with the ease of a nurse carrying an infant, to the stretchers that were waiting to receive them in the rear. Again and again, with an activity to which charity seemed to lend wings, and with as great an intrepidity as if faith had given him a charmed life—again and again did the tall Englishman, unarmed and in plain clothes, plunge into the fight, calm and collected in the midst of all the fury and anguish about him, yet warming up in his task, and redoubling his efforts as success attended them, with the utmost impartiality, bestowing his attention alike upon friend and foe, and by his example firing the zeal and steadying the nerve of the ambulance corps, of which he voluntarily constituted himself the forlorn hope.

He was thus under fire during the whole action; and when the day was won, Marshal Serrano, who was also lavish of his person, and often met the Englishman as

this latter went back and forward on his generous errand—Marshal Serrano, himself a brave man, and of lofty, chivalrous impulses, went up to him, and, embracing him, decorated him with the order of Isabella the Catholic. Routledge's task was, however, only beginning. Throughout the night, in the midst of the confusion unavoidable in an army more or less disorganized at the close of a general engagement, he was at his place at the head of the locomotive department, and fitted out and hurried on train after train till all the wounded that could bear the journey were safely housed in the hospitals of Cordova.

ROMANCE UNDER WATER.

SAYS the Buffalo Express, of the 29th ult.: John U. Green, the unhappy diver, whose death by his own hand we chronicled yesterday, was in his time the principal actor in a little drama, the story of which is an illustration of the fact, that as we unconsciously tread every day on the graves of the past generations so we daily meet in every walk of life those whose hearts are the living tombs of buried hopes. Early in life he became deeply attached to a young lady in Chelsea, Mass., the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy citizen. The attachment was reciprocated, although, while the father of the lady looked with no favorable eye upon what he considered an unequal engagement, he wisely forbore from active opposition. In return, Green pledged himself never to claim the hand of his affianced until he had accumulated sufficient to enable him to retire from a vocation so full of peril in its nature and uncertain in its results.

Lighted on by the star of hope, he became the most daring submarine operator of his time, now plunging down among the weird and strangely beautiful caves of the tropical seas, which held the wretched galleons of Spain, and then exploring the bottom of Lake Erie for the sunken treasures of our inland commerce. Such enterprise soon brought its reward, and he was enabled to look upon the consummation of his hopes as very near at hand. When he undertook to rescue the treasure from the sunken lake steamer Atlantic, he meant that it should be his last job of diving, and he communicated this fact, with radiant face, to the few friends who shared the cherished secret of his life. He entered enthusiastically upon the task, and this very impetuosity proved his ruin. During the progress of his work he imprudently insisted on descending while warm, against the remonstrances of his comrades. The result is well-known. He was seized with paralysis, and was dragged to the surface more dead than alive. From the attack he never recovered. He dragged out the miserable remnant of his life a melancholy wreck in health and in hopes. Moody and disconsolate, he sought in the intoxicating glass temporary relief from the sorrow which oppressed him. At length he rashly ended his misery and his life altogether, and found in the suicide's grave the peace he vainly sought elsewhere.

A LOCOMOTIVE DUEL.

Extraordinary Success of a Mexican Bohemian in the Sensational Line.

THE scene takes place in Tennessee. Two contractors of public works, Mr. Clark, an Englishman, and Mr. Wood, an American, had crossed each other in a question of interest, that resulted in a furious rivalry, which soon changed into a strong hatred.

Twice the two antagonists had met upon the ground, or, more properly speaking, once upon the ground and once in the wood, for the second duel was with rifles, a man hunt, a reciprocal hunt of the game and the hunter.

The first time it was Mr. Clark that was wounded—he got well. The second time it was Mr. Wood; his rival, having feigned being struck by the ball, lay as dead. Mr. Wood approached to see if he had killed his adversary, or if he had only wounded him. At that moment Mr. Clark got up at a bound and fired. Mr. Wood fell, bathed in his blood, but the ball had made the circuit of his ribs. He remained one month in bed, after which he got up, more anxious than ever to recommence the struggle.

After several propositions, some more frightful than the others, the following was agreed upon:

The duel to be deferred for six months, during which time rails were to be laid on a vacant piece of ground extending along the edge of a forest, over a space of about a mile, but only one track. The rails being laid, the fight was to be with locomotives.

Here are the conditions of this terrible duel: The two opponents, each mounted on his locomotive, heated to suit himself, to place himself one at each end of the line.

A rifle-shot to be fired from the top of a small hill, that could be seen from both ends; it might be possible that the report would not be heard, but the small cloud of smoke could be seen.

The first shot to be the signal for the combatants to make ready.

A second rifle-shot, a second cloud of smoke, would be the signal for the march.

The two opponents are at their posts behind the locomotives, their hand on the throttle-valves, their eyes fixed on the hillock where the signal is to appear.

The first shot is fired. A thin, white smoke arises in the air.

Five minutes pass—five centuries.

A second cloud of smoke crowns the hillock. The two locomotives begin to shake, their motion, a little slow at first, acquires in a few seconds an extraordinary speed, electrical, vertiginous.

The movement of Mr. Wood appears more rapid than that of his antagonist. Effectively, he has passed the post that indicates the half of the way.

But some fifteen yards further on the two monsters meet, they strike, the shock is terrifying.

The locomotive of Mr. Wood is thrown over on its conductor, whom it crushes, burns, drags and backles. The other, that of Mr. Clark, bursts in front, lets escape a cloud of steam, and still runs for a few yards, moved by the force of impulsion.

But the conductor has disappeared.

The shock has thrown him ten steps from the road, on the edge of the wood, where he was found insensible, bruised, his face burned by the jet of steam, and a broken leg.

The doctor pronounced his wound not mortal, and that Clark would get over it.

As to his adversary, a shapeless and unknown mass was withdrawn from under the locomotive, a bloody clog of hideous remains.

Honor was satisfied.

BEAVERS AT WORK FOR THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—J. H. Paine, brother of General H. E. Paine, one of the agents in the construction department of the Union Pacific Railroad, writes us from Wyoming. W. T., that Dr. A. Burnham, who has the contract for getting out ties and floating them down the Laramie river from the mountains to the track at Wyoming, owing to the stream being so low, found it necessary to build dams at different points, intending soon to hoist all the gates, thereby creating a flood that would enable the ties to be gotten down without delay. Parties were set to work erecting the dams several days ago, and when the men left their work at night, beavers commenced where they left off, and continued working on the same throughout the night, doing a vast amount of work in a satisfactory manner. Not only this, but in two or three instances where breaks have occurred they have repaired them in a most workmanlike manner. The amount of labor already performed by them is worth hundreds of dollars to the contractor. The "beaver company" appear to be as anxious as other parties to help the great work of building the Union Pacific Railroad.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA—THE PLAZA MAYOR OF AREQUIPA—THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE INHABITANTS AMID THE RUINS.

The Earthquake in South America—The Encampment in the Plaza Mayor of Arequipa.

Our engraving represents the encampment of the inhabitants of Arequipa, Peru, upon the Plaza Mayor of the ruined city. Thousands of homeless people were compelled to seek temporary shelter in tents and hastily constructed sheds, their houses having been destroyed or rendered uninhabitable by the terrible convulsion of nature. Our picture is from a photograph taken very soon after the occurrence of the calamity, and shows, so far as a picture can, the condition of the unfortunate population.

Hon. George G. Barnard, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

This gentleman, whose portrait we publish in this number is probably the youngest, and yet one of the most prominent of our present judiciary.

He was born at Poughkeepsie, in this State, in 1829, and is, therefore, about forty years of age. He was educated at Yale College, from which he graduated in 1848. Removing to this city soon after leaving college, he commenced the study of the law in the office of James T. Brady, and after passing through the usual course of study, was admitted to the bar. He afterward resided for some years in California, returning to this city in 1855, where he resumed the practice of the law, and at the same time assumed a prominent position in politics. In 1857 he received the nomination of the Democratic party for Recorder and at the election in the fall of that year was elected by a large majority. In 1860 he was nominated by the same party for Supreme Court Judge, and was elected in the same manner. During the eight years he has served in that high position, Judge Barnard has probably been more severely criticised than any of his colleagues, and yet even his most bitter opponents concede that he possesses some of the most important qualifications for a good Judge, among which may be mentioned unquestioned ability, a most remarkable quickness of perception, untiring industry, and a thorough indifference to newspaper attack or popular clamor. As an evidence of his independence of character, it may also be mentioned that when the present Excise law



HON. GEORGE G. BARNARD, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

first went into effect in this city, and while other judges were granting injunctions in favor of the liquor dealers, Judge Barnard, at the risk of losing popularity among that influential class, refused to enjoin the Excise officers, stating that he had examined the question, and believed the law to be constitutional.

In spite of severe comments by the press, and innuendoes of irregularity, and even fraud, in the recent naturalization of foreigners, Judge Barnard continued to hold court in the evening until midnight, in order to accommodate those applicants who could not afford to lose wages by appearing during the day-time. His special *forte* as a judge is exhibited in his rapid dispatch of Chamber business, and in presiding at the Oyer and Terminer, and in jury trials in civil cases. There are few lawyers, even of opposite political views, that would not prefer to argue a motion before him than before any of his colleagues. His liberality in granting counsel fees to lawyers, in cases where the law allows them, has made him very popular with the whole profession. That his popularity among his fellow-citizens is undiminished is shown by his re-election on the 9d instant, by a majority of about seventy thousand votes, which may be regarded as the answer of the people to the insinuations and attacks of his detractor.

ARTILLERY PITS.—A Captain Moncrieff, of the British army, has invented a new method of mounting and working guns in land defenses which may revolutionize the present system of fortification. Rifle-pits have long been recognized as the most effective defenses for riflemen, and their superiority for that purpose over parapets has been demonstrated. Could cannon be elevated and depressed as easily as a rifle is raised and lowered, artillery pits would soon supersede elaborate earthworks or granite forts. Captain Moncrieff's invention enables three men to load the largest-sized gun in use in the British service, raise it above the slight parapet of a rifle-pit, and depress it, after firing, below the reach of any except a vertical fire. In other words, he has made artillery pits practicable. The invention has been tested with complete success, and is to be adopted by the British authorities; and its immense advantages has been at once recognized by the English military press. Costly forts, protected by enormously expensive iron shields, will soon become as obsolete as the old-fashioned castles of the middle ages. The spade can, it is asserted, in a few hours construct an artillery pit that will afford better security to the artillerymen and their guns than the most elaborate fortifications.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.
Lively Scene on an
American Prairie
—A Buffalo Hunt
by Steam.

A correspondent of the *Lawrence Journal*, who was a witness of the scene represented in our engraving, gives the following description: "Sweeping in graceful curves along the fertile hill-girt valley of the Kaw, we awake the slumbering echoes of the ancient hills with the strains of music, and the whistle of the engine, 'and all goes merry as a marriage bell.' Topeka, Manhattan, and Junction City are passed, and night finds us at Ellsworth. We have been impressed with the 'magnificent distances,' and immense scope of this Western country, as well as with the indomitable spirit of enterprise which has pushed the iron rail four hundred miles into the very heart of the wilderness. We found a comfortable bed in the Hotel de Bear Car, but the musical lucubrations of some individual members of the band seriously disturbed our nocturnal slumbers. Such snoring! Such nasal trumpets! It was a combination of the yells of *Savages* and the wailings of *Cattle*. A slight difference in the size of the wood-piles is the only variety in the scenery from Ellsworth to Hayes City. The country is as bald as the heads of our clerical delegation, and looks as if only as a Kansas graveyard. Our impression is, that the abundance of coyote holes will always make it a leaky country. The buffalo are reported thick a few miles in advance, and a sharp lookout is kept up. At the 225th mile-post we first have in sight of the grand army advancing from the north, and for fifty miles we have not been out of sight of their dark, threatening lines. No



A LIVELY SCENE ON AN AMERICAN PRAIRIE—A BUFFALO HUNT BY STEAM.

were thrown up, and the left of our train bristled with two hundred guns. The engine screamed, and the spectators shouted, and the earth seemed to tremble with the tread of the huge monsters, as half enveloped in a cloud of dust, they bounded over the level plain, nearing us at every bound; and now, at the distance of 600 yards, and just abreast of our train, they received the desultory fire of our eager marksmen. And thus for more than two miles, these great, dark, tumbling, rolling, wallowing, swaying monsters, run the fiery gauntlet, till, apparently disheartened, they slackened their speed, turned defiantly at bay for a moment, and then sped away to the left, out of range of our guns, with a gait which told too well that some of our shots had taken effect. But the grand adventure of the day was yet to come. Just at dark we ran into a vast herd spread out on both sides of the track. In an instant the whole prairie seemed in motion. Again the portion on our left sought to cross the track, and again we gave chase. The mass were too quick for us, but three immense bulls were cut off in such a way as to give them an

even race with the Seminole. In the darkness of the evening they could scarcely be discerned, except by the flash of the guns, as a little in advance of the engine and close along the track, they drew the diagonal fire of two hundred guns. It was a race for life, and they ran as if the demon of despair were in them. But this time the Seminole was worsted; and with a turch and a bound they sprang across the track, not twenty feet in advance of the engine. But not to escape. In a flash our gunners were



FISHING FOR BLUE FISH AND CATCHING A WHALE.

estimate can be made of the countless thousands of these shaggy monsters who have hung upon our right flank, checked in their southern march by the railroad, and passing trains. Experienced frontier-men affirm that they have never before seen such countless numbers together. A few of the advance guard had at some points crossed to the southward of the road, and these, as our goodly engine, the Seminole, advanced, would seek to recross to the main herd. Then would ensue

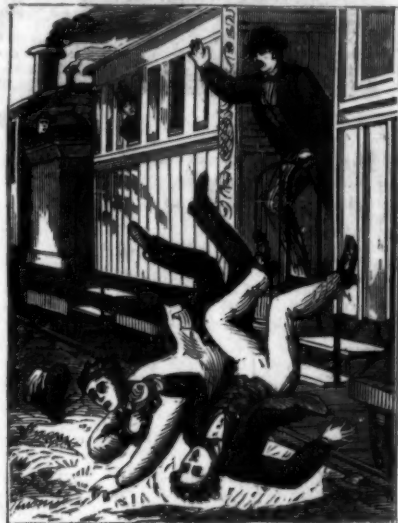


A WESTERN HEROINE.

such a wild race as no words can describe. Such a neck-and-neck race as we had at about 3 P. M. A mile away on our left about twenty were descried making for a curve in the road two miles in the advance of the engine. Keeping his engine at a speed just sufficient to encourage them in their effort, the skillful engineer of the Seminole threw down the gauntlet, and the race began. In an instant a hundred car windows



THE MYSTERIOUS BOX IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.



THE FATAL LEAP.

at the opposite side of the train, and as their huge backs came rolling up the embankment, they received a full broadside from our battalion. Two were seen to stagger and fall, but rose again to their feet. 'Down brakes' was whistled, and men, women, and children tumbled from the train and joined in the pursuit. Scarce a hundred yards from the train the largest one fell dead. He was shot through the heart. The other, badly wounded, escaped in the darkness. Your corre



THE FOREST FIRES IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



NOT BORN TO BE DROWNED.

spondent, in the excitement of getting out, tumbled over his wife and the drum, but was on the ground in a trice, just as the irrepressible Catta, of the Lawrence Band, mounted upon the ridge-pole of the buffalo's punch, was proposing three cheers for Grant and Colfax, in which the Democrat from New York inadvertently joined. Captain Curtiss, a practical butcher, was on hand in a jiffy, and to disembowel his majesty was

The work of but a few moments. Under the direction of Captain Coombs a rope was attached to his horns, and two long files of men, with joined hands, and preceded by the band, playing Yankee Doodle, dragged him bodily to the front car and hoisted him aboard. We have christened him Maximilian. Captain Coombs is putting him through a course of embalming, and when we reach home we propose to mount him on a dray and carry him in triumphal procession through the streets of the 'historic city.'

Fishing for Blue Fish and Catching a Whale.

A fisherman trolling for blue fish last week in Long Island Sound, suddenly heard a noise beneath him as of a rush of waters, and while considering the probabilities of an approach of the South American earthquake, was lifted with his boat quite above the surface of the waves and sent spinning through the air, to descend plunging into the briny sea. Half stunned, he was still able, while paddling for his base, to perceive a whale sporting amid the wrecked timbers of his fishing-smack. The head of the monster had come in contact with the bottom of the boat, knocking a hole in it and tossing it on high as if it had been an egg-shell. The whale soon diverged again, and the swimming fisherman was rescued by some brother mariners from his dangerous position.

A Western Heroine.

At a farmhouse near Galena, in Illinois, a girl of seventeen years of age was recently employed in her domestic duties, during the absence of the rest of the family, when a great black wolf entered the enclosure, and was in the act of getting away with a pig, when the house-dog attacked it. A terrible fight ensued. Seeing that the dog was getting the worst of it, she seized an ax from the wood-pile, rushed into the fray, and split the lupine monster's head open with a well-directed blow.

The Mysterious Box at the Treasury Department.

The laughable incident which, with the above caption, is represented in our engraving, is as follows: Described by the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune: "Several months after the close of the war, a tin box was given to General Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, by Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War, for safe-keeping. The box was said to contain about \$30,000 in gold, and Mr. Spinner carefully locked it away in the vaults of the Treasury. About a year ago a certain national bank suspended, with a heavy indebtedness to the Government. A United States Quartermaster who had got into trouble in his official capacity, was indebted to this bank in the sum of \$30,000, and the box deposited with Spinner was said to contain that amount of money belonging to said Quartermaster. The bank engaged the services of an eminent lawyer of New York City as its attorney, and he immediately began proceedings to have the box opened and the money taken out and paid over to the Government to liquidate a part of the bank's indebtedness. The attorney has been striving for more than a year to accomplish his object, but it was not until today that success attended his efforts. He had been to Secretary McCulloch, who referred him to General Grant, and General Grant hadn't the authority, but thought Mr. Stanton was the person. Mr. Stanton referred him back to Mr. McCulloch, who asked time to consider. Several months thus passed, and Mr. McCulloch laid the case before the President, and he thought it a fit subject for a Cabinet consultation. It was accordingly discussed in Cabinet meeting, but before a conclusion could be reached, the impeachment complication occurred, and changes were made in the Cabinet. It was then found necessary to bring the subject before the Cabinet again with its new members. This was done, and it was decided that the power to open the box lay with the Secretary of War. To-day the War Secretary detailed General Hardee, of his staff, to accompany the bank attorney and have the contents of the box examined. They found that the key of the Treasury Department required a law officer of the United States to be a witness, and Assistant District Attorney Wilson was sent for. General Spinner then summoned several of his confidential clerks as additional witnesses, and the whole party, headed by the hopeful and triumphant attorney, went to the vaults. The box was brought out from a dusty corner for inspection. It was locked and sealed, but there was no key. After some delay, a locksmith was secured and the box was opened, and found to contain an old calico dress, and a woman's shawl and waterproof cloak, labeled as follows: 'Taken from the person of Jefferson Davis, at the time of his capture, by Colonel E. R. S. A.' General Hardee at once departed for the War Department. The attorney went to New York, and General Spinner is still laughing at the greatest joke of the season."

Forest Fires in Washington Territory.

The forest fires that have recently raged in Washington Territory, on the north side of the Columbia river, were more destructive, and extended over a larger area than has ever before been known. Our engraving represents the scene on the morning of the 14th September, at the farm of Mr. Martin, on the bluff. The woods for miles around were a mass of flames. Men, women and children went to work with a will to save the buildings. The mill and other buildings belonging to Mr. Martin took fire a great many times; one of the buildings had a large hole burned in the roof, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that anything was saved. The fire ran through the orchard and burnt nearly all of the fences on the place. Mr. Justice, whose place is half a mile from that of Mr. Martin, lost everything—his house, fence, crops, and everything completely swept away.

A Fatal Leap.

On the 24th October last, two criminals, named Burton and Zanes, while on their way in the train to Cairo, in custody of Deputy Sheriff Myers, found an opportunity to cut their shackles with saw-pock-knives, made of the finest steel. But Mr. Myers, being aware of the characters with which he had to deal, watched them closely, and discovered their operations. He bound them together again with handcuffs, and returned them to the prisoners' car. He was not here long, however, before Burton and Zanes rushed to the door and rolled off the cars, which were at that time running at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Deputy Myers instantly rang the bell and stopped the train; about four hundred yards back, lying on the side of the road, he found the insensible forms of Burton and Zanes, the former in a lifeless condition, and the latter so severely injured in the hips that he will be a cripple for life. Mr. Myers succeeded in conveying from Bulkley's Station, near which the affair occurred, to Joliet, his nine prisoners in safety, if not in good condition, physically. Burton cannot positively survive his injuries, and has, ere this time, probably suffered the fate of all mortality.

Not Born to be Drowned—A Remarkable Escape from Death.

Captain Francis Locke met with a very narrow escape from drowning, recently, while at work rebuilding Pike's wharf, Boston, Mass. The stone on the wall, upon which he was standing, crumbled, and, to save himself from falling, he grasped the stone in the chains, which was being lowered from the vessel to the wall. It was a massive piece, weighing a ton and a half, and as he took hold of it, it slipped out of the chain and fell into the water, carrying him beneath it. Captain Locke, even in this awful situation, trying six feet under water, with this stone upon him, did not lose his presence of mind, but exerted himself to the full extent of his powers, and, aided by the buoyancy of the water, was fortunate enough to work himself from beneath the heavy weight, and come to the surface. He sustained several severe bruises about the head and body, from the effects of which he is now recovering; but his escape from death, under the circumstances, was indeed miraculous.

One of the physicians of Burlington, Vt., driving into town on Tuesday morning, was met by a friend, who hailed him with the question if he had voted. "Not yet," said the doctor, "but I have been out all night after a voter. I got him, too." "When will he vote?" "Oh, in about twenty-one years from now." "Ah—I see. Not bad. Well, look after him, doctor, and see that he votes right." "No fear. He can't go wrong with the name he's got. His father is a Democrat, but when I told him he had got a boy, and asked him what he would name him, he said: 'Ulysses Grant, by thunder!' So he'll do."

A newly married couple from the South put up at a Utica hotel recently. High words were heard in the room shortly after they had taken possession of it, the wife exclaiming:

"My folks forced me to marry you, but I will never live with you! Here we part! I shall go home on the next train!" which she did, leaving the young man bathed in tears.

One of our composers says he always respects old age except when some one chests him with a pair of tough chickens.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—As announced in the advertising department columns of our last number, this admirable Rural and Family Journal is to be vastly enlarged and improved, and issued from this city on the 1st of January ensuing. The RURAL occupies a peculiar and important sphere in journalism, in which it has long been unequalled. Mr. Moore, its founder and conductor, has, as assistants, several of the ablest practical and scientific writers on rural and kindred topics in the land; and we are assured that he possesses the necessary means and facilities (in addition to nearly thirty years' experience as a journalist) to render the paper most acceptable and valuable to all Country Subscribers and Town Residents who seek to improve and embellish their Homes. We therefore commend the RURAL to all our readers interested in the subjects it discusses.

TONE YOUR SYSTEM.—The tonic properties of Speer's "Standard Wine Bitters" are such that none can use them without receiving essential benefit. The effect will be to maintain the usual stamina and vigor of the system. Sold by Druggists.

C. O. D.—Reader, if you want a genuine watch, and do not desire to be swindled by dealers in spurious imitations, procure circular containing valuable information to watch buyers. Sent free. M. E. CHAPMAN & CO., 47 Liberty Street, N. Y.

DR. R. L. WOLCOTT,

DEAR SIR—I was at Quincy, Illinois, a few days ago, buying goods, and was talking to a friend of mine, when he asked me if I was not troubled with catarrh in the head. I told him, badly. He recommended your Annihilator, and told me as a friend that he would not take a thousand dollars for the good it had done him. I bought three bottles, and am now using it with good effect. I want some to sell, as there are a great many in the country afflicted with catarrh. You will send me by express one dozen large bottles, two dozen small bottles. Respectfully, George G. Bartelle, Druggist, La Prairie, Illinois, December 13th, 1867.

The dreadful Catarrh Consumption breeds. She flatters but to kill; Perhaps with silence sows her seeds, But works our ruin still.

BOOSEY'S CHEAP MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS. Catalogues free. 644 Broadway, New York.

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1869. VOLUME XXIV. 1869.

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Wonderful Success of Dr. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Its fame is rapidly spreading over the country. Every beautiful woman and fair maiden uses it.

THE annals of modern science are emblazoned forth with no prouder record than the discovery of this world-renowned preparation for the PRESERVATION AND CONSERVATION OF THE HUMAN CUTICLE. See the avalanche of testimonials in its praise never before published:

CINCINNATI, June, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:—I have heard of your elegant preparation of "ORIENTAL CREAM," and been very anxious to try its marvelous powers. Mrs. B. C. D****.

PROVIDENCE, December, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:—I have used your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for a considerable length of time, and think it excellent. Indeed I would use no other after once trying it. CLARA G****.

A French lady writes:

Mons. GOURAUD:—This but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, Mon. Ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it *le délice des dames*, *en un mot, je suis enchantée de la cosmétique et j'en suis ravie de tout, mon cœur*. EMILIE DEMOULINS, Madison Avenue.

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1865.

DR. GOURAUD:—I have your "ORIENTAL CREAM" in use; it is an admirable article, and I shall recommend it. S. F. P****.

DR. GOURAUD:—I cheerfully bear testimony to the efficacy and perfect innocence of your "ORIENTAL CREAM." It is decidedly a valuable cosmetic. I can not consent that you should publish my name. The above is from a lady in 23d street.

DEAR SIR:—Having had a very favorable opportunity yesterday evening for expatiating on the merits of your "ORIENTAL CREAM," showing the effects it produced on my hands and face, a young lady requested that I would procure her a bottle of it. Please send one per bearer. Mrs. G****, Fifth Avenue.

UTICA, June, 1861.

DR. GOURAUD:—I value your "ORIENTAL CREAM" so highly that I am unwilling to be without it even a single day. SARAH W****.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

DR. GOURAUD:—I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delighted am I with this matchless cosmetic. Miss FANNIE G****.

ELMHURST, August, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:—We ladies that have used it find it quite indispensable to our toilet. Mrs. F. L. B****.

BOSTON, May, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD:—Without the "ORIENTAL CREAM" my family couldn't live. Mrs. S. B. P****.

CLEVELAND, April, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD:—I have used your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for some time, and like it very much indeed, and should feel very bad to be deprived of it. Miss E. P****.

CHICAGO, September, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:—It is the best preparation I have ever used, and I have recommended it to many friends. Mrs. R. C. P****.

YPSILANTI, April, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:—My wife became acquainted with "ORIENTAL CREAM" through a lady friend, and was so highly pleased with its effects that she has since ordered it direct from your depot. Other ladies here, too, have become acquainted with its superior and magical effects upon the complexion, and consider its use indispensable. DR. W. G. COX.

BANGOR, Me.

DR. GOURAUD:—I have found your CREAM so delicious; it softens and makes the skin so beautiful; it does give me faith in your preparations. Miss ANNA G****.

PHILADELPHIA, December, 1866.

DR. GOURAUD:—I like the "ORIENTAL CREAM" better than anything I ever saw of the kind, and I trust you will continue to make it, and I think if you do not, you at least might let your customers have the recipe. It would be a pity to have this Oriental Cream die out. Mrs. HAY.

ALBANY.

DR. GOURAUD:—I think it one of the indispensables for a lady's toilet. Mrs. H. E. A****.

CAUTION.—See that the words "GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, New York," are blown on every bottle, and his fac simile, thus, at the end of

St. Louis.
DR. GOURAUD:—The CREAM is the nicest wash for the skin; it is excellent. Mrs. E. OUBERT.

Boston.
DR. GOURAUD:—Your "ORIENTAL CREAM" is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. Mrs. KATON.

Park Theatre, Brooklyn.
DR. GOURAUD:—Will you please send six bottles of your "ORIENTAL CREAM" to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price. Yours truly, Mrs. D. P. BOWERS.

Fortress Monroe, March 28, 1867.
DR. GOURAUD:—Please have the kindness to send ("care of General Burton") two bottles of your "ORIENTAL CREAM" of the large size, at a dollar and a half each, for which I enclose in this three dollars. Send by Adams Express, directed to Mrs. M. D. E., (Care of General Burton) Fortress Monroe.

The following magnificent testimonial is from the eminent perfumer, T. W. Evans of Philadelphia—magnanimous, inasmuch as MR. EVANS is the manufacturer of an article second only to

DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD:—I think your CREAM is unquestionably the best thing in this line, from the reason, when a lady once uses it, she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. Many of the dealers get it through F. C. WELLS & CO., N. Y., DYOTT & CO., and others. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it, we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations together. T. W. EVANS, 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

HAMILTON, Ohio, July 7, 1868.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir:—Some weeks since I wrote to you, enclosing the *Sunday Dispatch*, with a notice of your valuable cosmetic, "ORIENTAL CREAM." I fear that you did not receive my communication; if not, I shall be much pleased to hear from you, and also gratified to receive a half dozen of your charming preparations for the complexion. Your "ORIENTAL CREAM" should be immortalized, as I have no doubt it is already by many a fair dealer in this charming device for rendering youth immortal. They have some very weak imitations in Cincinnati, all of which are a base imitation and very injurious to the complexion. I could sell dozens of bottles if you would make me your agent, as the women are all crazy to know my recipe for a brilliant complexion. I have lost half of my good looks already for the want of this indispensable luxury, as I am traveling for the health of my little boy. Obeyingly yours, Mrs. Cor. F. L. YOUNG.

Newport, February 12, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:—Please send me two more bottles of your charming "ORIENTAL CREAM" by American Express, and oblige, yours respectfully, COUNTESS DE B****.

PHILADELPHIA, August 3, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD:—Please send me ten bottles of "ORIENTAL CREAM." Please send me ten, as I leave the city soon, and I am nearly out. Your "CREAM" is certainly the nicest thing for a skin wash. The expense is so expensive, that I think it's best now for me to get several bottles at a time, I like it so much; it is so soft and clean, and does not harm the skin. Respectfully, Mrs. J. P****, 1,433 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

We might go on amplifying the merits of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, but we think a candid perusal of the above numerous testimonials are sufficient to convince any one not wilfully blind. If there be any such, we might apply to them the language of Scripture, and say: "If ye believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither would ye believe though one rose from the dead."

The retail price of the Oriental Cream is \$1 50 a bottle. Ladies can have it expressed for that sum. DR. GOURAUD'S world-renowned preparations can be had at his only depot, 453 Broadway, New York, and of Bates, 132 Washington street; Weeks & Potter, 170 Washington street; and George C. Goodwin & Co., 50 Hanover street, Boston; Evans, 11 South Eighth street, and Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street, Philadelphia; T. C. Wellton, Hartford, Dyche & Co., Dearborn and Randolph streets, Chicago; M. Carnahan, Conneautville, Pa.; Cady & Cox, Ypsilanti, Mich.; R. Carter, Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. J. H. Clark, 443 New York Av., Washington, D. C.; J. R. Harwell, Nashville, Tenn.; L. H. Mueller, 187 East Washington street, Indianapolis; Mrs. S. A. Little, Dundee, N. Y.; George H. Keyser, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. J. Jacques, Waterbury, Conn.; Francis Moore, Leamington, N. J.; Swift & Brothers, 104 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Stoughton, 100 State street, Chicago; Miss M. C. Woodville, Westfield, Mass., and Druggists.

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 Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED, (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. GREEN, (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.

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Parties sending club or other orders for less than \$30, had better send a Post Office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by Express, but larger orders we will forward by Express, to "collect on delivery."

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N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of bogus imitators.

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by small dealers into believing that they can sell as cheap as we do, for it is simply impossible. Our popular club system of selling is as follows: For \$2 we send 20 patent pen fountains (10 cents for each) and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 30 for \$3; 60 for \$6; 100 for \$10, etc. Sent by mail. Don't fail to send money in Registered Letters. Single fountain and check, 10 cents. Send for Circular and Exchange List.

N. B.—Our sale should not be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

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